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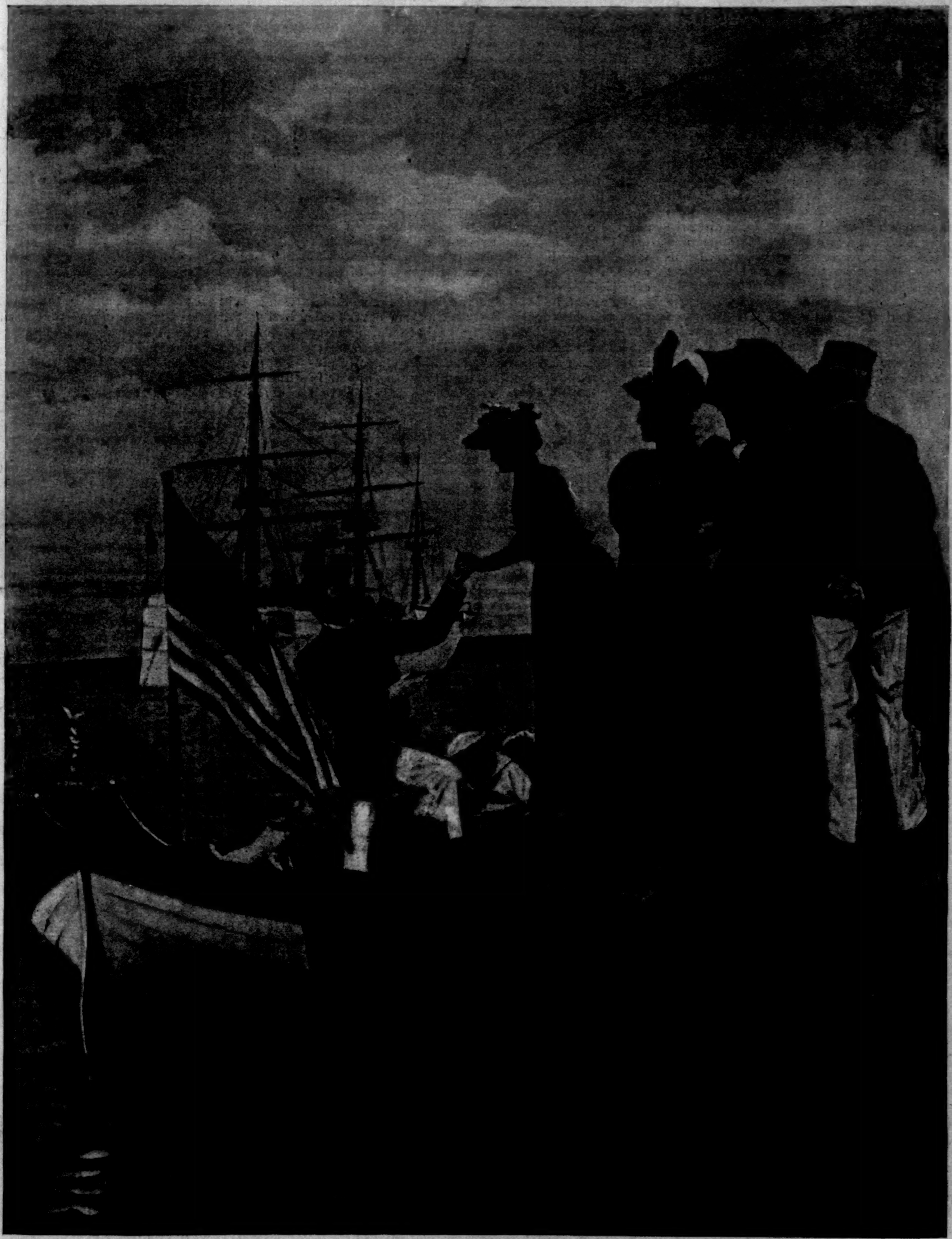

THE CAPTAIN'S GIG.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SUMMER CRUISE—VISITORS GOING TO BREAKFAST ON BOARD A UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR.

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A WORD TO THE WORKING-MEN.

AN esteemed fellow-citizen recently admonished those who discuss the efforts of the laboring-men to improve their condition to approach the subject with a feeling of sympathy. This is certainly good advice, provided the sympathy be of the genuine kind. The best evidence we can give them of true sympathy and friendship is not to flatter them or to amuse them with pleasing illusions, but to tell them the truth; and in this spirit we address to them some words of truth and soberness about the recent strike.

There is probably not an intelligent and unprejudiced man in the country who did not foresee that the great strike set on foot by EUGENE V. DEBS would, after having done great harm to millions of our people, result in a failure most disastrous to the working-men themselves. This was inevitable, for the simple reason that there are certain things which in this American republic cannot be done, because the people will not tolerate them. We may take it that a large majority of the American people will, in every case in which "labor" has a real grievance, be in sympathy with the aggrieved working-men, and if such working-men resort to a strike, it will generally be found that, with the sympathetic support of public opinion, the strike will succeed. But the American people are generally opposed to sympathetic strikes, and this for the simple reason that such strikes always inflict grievous injury upon innocent parties. The more extensive such sympathetic strikes are, the greater will be the number of innocent parties injured, the more intensely will the people be opposed to them, and the more certain and disastrous will be their failure.

Had the complaints made by the Pullman working-men been ever so well founded, and had the public upon a presentation of the matter on its own merits been ever so much inclined to take the part of the working-men, yet as soon as, ostensibly in their behalf, railroad systems covering many thousands of miles were tied up, the commerce and the industries of a large part of the country were interrupted, and millions of people, who were no more responsible for the occurrences at Pullman than for the earthquake in Turkey, had to suffer great loss and hardship, the grievances, real or pretended, of the Pullman working-men disappeared altogether from view, and public opinion turned sternly against the reckless mischief-makers who had brought the country so near to all the calamities of another business crisis.

In his desperate effort to shift the responsibility for the disaster upon others, DEBS now cries out that if all the other labor organizations, such as the brotherhoods of locomotive engineers and of trainmen, and the "Federation," and so on, had supported him—in other words, if the strike had been more general—it would have been more successful. No mistake could be greater. In fact, the more general the strike, the more certainly it would have failed, for the more generally and vigorously would public opinion have risen up against it, and the more irresistible would the force of that public opinion have become. No extensive strike can be carried on without lawbreaking. Even if the leaders of it were as sincere and strenuous in their exhortations for peace and the observance of the laws as they usually pretend to be, they would not be able to control the inflamed passions of the men, and to prevent the criminal element of the population from joining the excited multitude of strikers, and from taking advantage of the disorder to satisfy their own appetites of rapine and blood. There would always be violent interference with the lawful pursuits of other people, murderous assaults upon "scabs," and more or less of the horrors of anarchy. And what will follow?

As sincere friends of the working-men we cannot too earnestly admonish them calmly to consider the danger to which they will expose themselves if they succeed in really alarming society. They have had only a mild foretaste of it in what has actually happened during the recent strike. DEBS began his enterprise under circumstances some of which seemed to be exceptionally favorable to him. The number of working-men who obeyed his behests was, including the men who had nothing to do with railroads, uncommonly large. The strike movement centred in a great city in which the force of the restless labor element, of the socialists and the anarchists, was uncommonly strong. The Mayor of that city, instead of putting forth, at the beginning, his whole power to enforce the laws, played the dawdling part of a feeble mediator. The Governor of the State gave reason for suspecting him of sympathy with the law-breakers. The strike created at once such widespread inconvenience and confusion in the business of the country, and threatened so much more, that if the employers of labor could at all be brought to their knees in that way, there would have been hope of accomplishing the result this time.

But no sooner had the affair assumed a somewhat dangerous aspect than the conservative forces of society rose up against it. President CLEVELAND'S proclamation fairly electrified the country. There had been nothing like it since LINCOLN'S call for volunteers after the firing on Fort Sumter. The lines of party division disappeared in the enthusiastic response. The South vied with the North in demonstrations of enthusiastic devotion. The constitutional disquisitions of the Governor of Illinois were swept away with shouts of derision. Southern Democrats were the first to affirm that no State-rights doctrines must be permitted to stand in the way of the execution of the laws. There was the end of the strike. And that the end came so promptly was very fortunate for those concerned in it. Had the strike been stronger than it was, had it succeeded in overcoming the military forces gathered at Chicago, and in bringing that whole city or even the whole State under the control of its leaders, what would have been the consequence? In less than a week every State from Maine to Texas and from Georgia to Oregon would have poured forth its thousands of soldiers. The late "boys in gray" would have taken especial delight in demonstrating their fighting loyalty to the Union and the laws. Organized labor in revolt would have been crushed as by an avalanche, its guilty leaders would hardly have survived the collision, and who can tell how many there would have been of innocent victims?

We repeat, he is no sincere friend of the working-men who does not earnestly warn them never to attempt anything that is apt seriously to alarm society for its own safety. To do so is to call forth forces far stronger, and perhaps also, when violently provoked, far more relentless, than they may appear in their quiescent state. Let the working-men well understand the lesson of the recent strike. They have no more dangerous enemies than such ambitious, heartless, and unscrupulous demagogues as DEBS and such fantastic blatherskites as SOVEREIGN, who seek to persuade them that they can accomplish anything if they only unite in a general organization and act together. They have now acted together as much as they ever will, and this senseless delusion has cost them millions in wages lost, more millions in opportunities destroyed, and something perhaps still more valuable in the weakened esteem and confidence of the community. Let them organize according to common interests, and under leaders who are wise enough to understand that organized labor will, under any circumstances, constitute only a comparatively small fraction of the American people; that the American people throughout instinctively sympathize with labor so long as labor is just in its demands and law-abiding in its conduct; but that Uncle Sam is an extremely uncomfortable person to trifle with when the supremacy of the laws and of the constituted authorities is to be upheld against revolutionary attempts. This is the very first advice which every true friend of the workingmen will impress upon them.

THE EVILS OF SECRECY IN LEGISLATION.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S letter to Chairman WILSON, of the Ways and Means Committee, is a bold and truthful utterance, and its publication is timely. It may be, as Mr. CLEVELAND'S enemies say, that it is unprecedented; but the situation is also unprecedented, and demands drastic remedies. Never before in the history of Congress have party principles been boldly violated by party leaders in behalf of their own private interests. It is true that Presidents have not heretofore addressed letters intended, as this one evidently was, to influence Congressional action; but the time had come when it was essential that the country, and especially the House, should know where the administration stood. It was of the utmost importance at the very moment when Mr. WILSON read his letter, for the influences that had succeeded with the Senate were beginning to exert themselves on the conferrees of the House.

The Democratic conferrees on the tariff bill began their task in the wrong way. It was nevertheless the way in which the Democratic majority has mismanaged the tariff bill since its introduction in the Senate. The House acted with commendable despatch. The bill was reported by the Ways and Means Committee immediately after the holiday recess. The debate began on the 8th of January; the bill was passed on the 1st of February, and reached the Senate on the 2d. There it lingered in committee for two months, Mr. VOORHEES opening the debate on the 2d of April.

It was during this long delay that the difficulties which have beset every step in the progress of the bill through the Senate grew into threatening proportions, imperilling the cause of tariff reform and the success of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. Delay afforded an opportunity to every one desirous of changing the character of the bill, to make it more protective, to take care of the trusts, to look after local and personal interests, to bring to bear upon the Senators in charge of the measure every influence of greed or corruption that could be employed to further base or selfish designs. It was due to this delay that the sugar trust and other trusts were enabled to make their combinations, and to secure for their pecuniary profit the votes of Senators like MILLS, JONES, and others who are opposed to them on principle. The delay was urged by Senators GORMAN, SMITH, BRICE, HILL, and other so-called "conservatives" in the name of Democratic harmony.

The theory of legislation in this country is that it shall be the result of open debate and of consideration in public. The House bill was an excellent example of the great advantages of proceeding in accordance with a theory which has been found to work well, not only by the people of this country, but by the English-speaking race. Public debate enlightened the House and the country during the consideration of the WILSON bill. It resulted in positive and valuable, because intelligent, declarations of the will of the Democratic majority, in the adoption of an amendment making all sugar free, in a refusal to place iron ore and coal on the dutiable list, or to postpone the date on which wool should begin to be free. In brief, it resulted in a better bill than that which had been reported by the Committee of Ways and Means. The parliamentary proceedings in the House, notwithstanding clôture and the government of the Committee on Rules, bore a resemblance to the great debates which characterized Congress in the earlier day, and the records of which lead us to regard the men of that time as of loftier stature than those of the present. The proceedings in the Senate, where clôture does not exist, bore the mark of caucus dictation, of the power of sordid influence exercised in secret. One side—the side whose duty it was to defend the measure—sat silent under the taunts of its opponents.

The intelligent debate in the House lasted less than four weeks, and resulted in an improved bill. The proceedings in the Senate, which cannot be characterized as debate, lasted for four months, and resulted in a measure which no one can defend, and which can benefit no one except the trusts, for whose abnormal profits it provides. During the two months that the bill was in committee all the influences hostile to real revenue reform were concentrated on the subcommittee, on the full committee, and on Senators themselves. While delay afforded the time for the marshalling of the forces of protection and corruption, the secrecy with which the bill was considered by the subcommittee and the full committee furnished the opportunity for the "conservative" Senators to ply their associates with arguments that they would not have had the courage to advance in an open debate in the Senate. Four Democratic Senators were the strong opponents of the WILSON bill. It is now certain that all other Democratic Senators, except HILL, GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH, would have voted for any tariff bill that the House insisted on, and that a majority of the Democratic caucus in the Senate favored. It is pretty well established that GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH would not have voted against their party, for their opposition to the income tax was their only honest ground of antagonism to the measure, and as they finally voted for that, it is fair to assume that they would have voted for the WILSON bill as it came from the House if the Senate tariff-reformers had refused to yield to the accomplices of the sugar trust, and had sharply defined the issue between the trust and the party. It is especially worthy of comment that not one of these three Senators defended the sugar schedule, although it was known that it was that on which they had insisted as the price of their votes for any tariff bill whatever. If the Senate Finance Committee had reported the bill promptly, and had insisted that such changes as the "conservatives" desired should be made only after debate and by a vote of the Senate, it is not at all likely that the sugar trust would have triumphed, or that the essential principle of the WILSON bill would have been destroyed. Delay and secrecy were the causes of the disaster which overtook the cause of tariff reform.

The secret effort for harmony which ruined the measure in the Senate has been adopted by the Democratic conferrees who have the fate of the bill in their hands. As evil influences triumphed in the Senate, they might be expected to triumph under like conditions in the conference committee, and it was doubtless this consideration that induced Mr. WILSON to ask, and the President to consent, that his admirable letter should be read to the House. The reliance of the country is still on the House, where debate flourishes, and where those who wish to accomplish evil must advocate their cause before the world.

CAN THE BOYCOTT BE MADE IMPOSSIBLE?

THE Pullman boycott has passed into history. On the whole, it was the most alarming social disturbance ever excited in this country in the name of organized labor. Other great strikes have lasted longer, have caused more bitterness and more destruction of life and property. But they have been local struggles, for wages or other interests, which concerned chiefly the relations between particular employers and their workmen. Now, for the first time, the principles on which free society rests have been openly challenged, government defied, and an attempt made to supersede law in interpreting and enforcing private rights by the will of certain voluntary clubs or companies and of their irresponsible officers. The attempt has failed, of course, but only after inflicting severe losses upon the nation at large, and irretrievable injury upon a multitude of guiltless men, upon several of them even death. It was a rebellion against civilization, and, so far as the national government represents civilized society in these States, it was a rebellion against the United States. The time has come to examine its origin, career, and end; the sources of its strength and the causes of its failure; and to consider whether it is necessary to prepare against similar struggles hereafter.

The strength of the insurrection was in its numbers and discipline. It was a wonderful spectacle, that of a hundred and fifty thousand men banded under voluntary vows to renounce their business and livelihood on a moment's notice at the bidding of their chosen masters. They had no grievance, they asked no reason. The pretext for the order, if weighed by them, would be seen to be an insult alike to their character and their intelligence. But they did not stop to weigh it. No such display of the spirit of unquestioning obedience, under a discipline as of a standing army, had ever been made in industrial life. It suggests a new and impressive estimate of the capacity for good or evil of labor organizations. The movement was further strengthened in appearance by the encouragement it received from various classes of sympathizers. The cry that labor has risen against capital is enough to evoke cheers, and even violent efforts to aid it, from multitudes. The discontented working-man, the fanatical trades unionist, the enemy of social order, whether speculative anarchist or merely reckless demagogue, the criminal by profession or by instinct—all saw their opportunity to indulge a passion or to win advantage by rushing to the attack upon wealth. These re-enforcements were not really sources of strength to the conspiracy of disorder, but hastened its end.

On the other hand, the moral and intellectual elements of weakness in the plot and in its conduct become more conspicuous the better it is understood. The purpose to form a union of railway workmen which should be strong enough to stop a nation's trade and starve its people in order to extort its will from employers was wild enough to tax credulity, even if the control of it were centred in sagacious statesmen, and its exercise made impossible for any cause but the redress of gross injustice. But that the first effort of the union, when its organization was supposed to be complete, should be to paralyze the trade and industry of half the continent, on the pretext that the railroads might thus be coerced into compelling the Pullman Company to open its shops at full wages, was a piece of headlong folly without a precedent. It was also a crime, and its criminality was only emphasized by the silly falsehoods with which its perpetrators tried to disguise it. The whole land, Chicago in particular, was burdened with men seeking employment; and there never was an hour when the boycotters of trade had any hope of stopping the roads by mere idleness. The only possibility of carrying out the project was by violent suppression of labor. No sooner was the order given than multitudes of the strikers, and of their allies in crime, undertook by persuasion, by intimidation, by force, by assault, and by reckless destruction of property, to prevent willing workmen from earning their bread and serving the public. The chief conspirator, indeed, openly protested against violence, but his falsehood and hypocrisy have been fully exposed. He was all the time secretly instigating outrage and brutality. Indeed, his public utterances were contradictory from the first, in the same breath bidding his men keep the peace and bitterly denouncing every step of the lawful authorities to protect life and property from them; proclaiming in the press that he had no relations with rioters, and on the same day signing permits, which were respected by the brutal mob, for the loading of a few cars with ice for the hospitals. There is no civilized land in which a combination by force or fraud to suppress free labor is not a criminal conspiracy. The great boycott, therefore, had the intellectual weakness of absurdity and the moral weakness of flagrant illegality. In both respects it was weak, too, in that the persistent declarations of its chief in advocating it were notoriously untrue.

This boycott has failed, and the deluded multitude which was its agent is breaking up into scattered bands, seeking employment and a livelihood on any terms. But the conception of the general boycott, as a means of coercing society, has been added to the current notions of the world of labor, and the events under review are thought by some observers to have spread and strengthened it. In the belief of many fanatical apologists, even this rash and premature demonstration has failed only because of the unfavorable time and the incompetent leadership. The earners of wages are everywhere full of unrest and discontent—a frame of mind ripe for the influence of the advocates of extremes. Every advance in the arts of production complicates the classification of industry, specializes the divisions of skilled workmen, and thus increases the number of points at each of which obstruction can paralyze a vast system. This is especially true of commerce upon the great highways of transportation. A few engineers, or firemen, or brakemen, or switchmen, or signalmen, by suddenly deserting their posts, can stop for a time any railroad. Make the use of one central yard or the passage of one bridge impossible, or disable one train upon the track, and the whole system is thrown into confusion. But if one large class of its servants can be suddenly withdrawn at a time when competent substitutes are not at hand, the road is made helpless for an indefinite period. It is natural, then, that visions of the power of a great combination of many or of all classes to tie up all the main highways of the largest cities, or of a nation, and thus have the whole people at their mercy, are floating vaguely, but with the force of a new inspiration, in the minds not only of ignorant crowds, but of ambitious demagogues.

If this day-dream should take form hereafter in another rebellion, better organized, better armed, and guided by bold and able counsels, instead of contemptible folly and imposture, what resources has the social order to meet it? Is its organization, as expressed in recognized law, readily commanding all its forces for defence, such that it has nothing to fear? The established principles of the common law and the existing statutes on which it may rely have been clearly explained in this journal. Every government and every arm of it, wherever it has jurisdiction to protect private rights, must, at every hazard and by the exertion of its entire authority and force, defend the right of each man to labor and to earn his wages undeterred by intimidation or violence. There has been deplorable weakness in fulfilling this duty on the part of our local governments everywhere; but a costly lesson has been learned of late, and we may assume that the obligation will hereafter be felt and met more faithfully. The national administration has asserted its determination to suppress all rebellious meddling with the transit of mails and with commerce between the States; and its resolute assumption of this duty has received the cordial support of Congress and of public opinion. It is therefore reasonably certain that so long as a competent Executive controls the army of the United States the policy of President CLEVELAND will be maintained. We may even trust that the duty of the State to its internal commerce and highways will be as fully recognized as that of the nation in its own jurisdiction when the ALTGELDS and WAITES—the mere sports and monstrosities of a perverted democracy—shall be forgotten.

But none of these resources of law, nor all of them together, will suffice to avert the danger threatened by a cessation of work. Had not the unemployed in legions stood ready and eager, under the pressure of need, to enter the ranks of labor, there would have been no inducement for the pitiful imposture by which DEBS, while posing as a friend of order, stirred his dupes to murder and arson. He might have commanded idleness alone, and inaction would have wrought many times the damage his rebellion has caused. In times of general activity, when labor is in keen demand, we may imagine that some successor, free from his silly duplicity, may stop work by a word at the critical points of a score of railways, and without instigating crimes of violence, strike helpless the industries of the land. Against such a danger there is now but one weapon in the hands of the government—the law of conspiracy. That a combination with such an avowed purpose is a crime at common law and by the statutes of New York and Illinois is true. But penal laws do not prevent crime unless by fear, and this law has never been enforced in our States so as to be a terror to evil-doers. It is proverbially hard to apply and slow of operation. In the case supposed, it would be utterly ineffective unless brought to bear on the first steps of the conspirators, when the offence could not be proved by available evidence, nor punished or even restrained without the appearance of persecution. In short, there is now no express law, national or local, which fully meets the supposed emergency.

There are legal principles, however, applied in the statutes of all nations to cases which, in the peculiar conditions requiring them, are parallel to this—principles which deserve the careful study of all who seek the orderly and progressive welfare of working-men in harmony with the rights of every citizen. They are fully and admirably embodied in the laws of the United States (Revised Statutes, Title LIII.) concerning merchant seamen. The sailors in vessels engaged in commerce on the high seas are recognized by these laws as a class performing an important public service, and as men whose character and employment expose them to oppression and fraud. Their contracts for labor are therefore taken under the nation's protection; they are carefully screened even against their own imprudence; representatives of the government are made their guardians at home and abroad; their food, clothing, and medicines are assured them in sufficient quality and amount, and their wages are made a lien upon the vessel they tread while a plank of it remains. In short, the owner or master who employs them is made to know, in all his dealings with them, that his men are wards of the law, and that any trespass on their rights is a crime against his country. Wherever the United States can boast a representative or a gun, there is a tribunal to prevent or punish oppression or fraud towards its seamen. But in return for this liberal grant of peculiar rights, the sailor assumes duties which are no less peculiar. That which we call a strike on land is at sea mutiny and desertion, and is punishable by a long term of imprisonment at hard labor. Sailors who should join at sea in a boycott like that of DEBS would become pirates, and suffer death.

The suggestion that the principles recognized in our maritime laws, and yet more rigidly in the army regulations, be applied with appropriate modifications to the service of society upon public highways and other lines of intercourse, the free use of which is the first necessity of the community, is the only one which fully meets every emergency threatened by the unrest of labor, and at the same time contemplates the absolute protection and wise extension of its rights and privileges. It deserves a fuller development than can be given to it within our limits. One remark must not be omitted here; this has nothing whatever in common with the socialistic plan of ownership by the state of all public highways. The ships of citizens are not the property of the government, though, for the purpose of law and the protection of civil rights, they are part of its soil; and the railroads and telegraphs, while they imperatively need to be annexed to the domain of law, cannot be worked by a government without serious dangers to public morals, to private rights, and even to freedom. The preservation of order, the protection of the peaceable and continuous operation of the great agencies of commerce and industry, have always been the acknowledged province of government. Our national laws on the high seas are as perfect in their wisdom and in their work as any agency of human origin. They may well serve as a model for new legislation where the need is similar, and where there is at present acknowledged imperfection and inefficiency.

THE PEOPLE AND THE POLITICIANS.

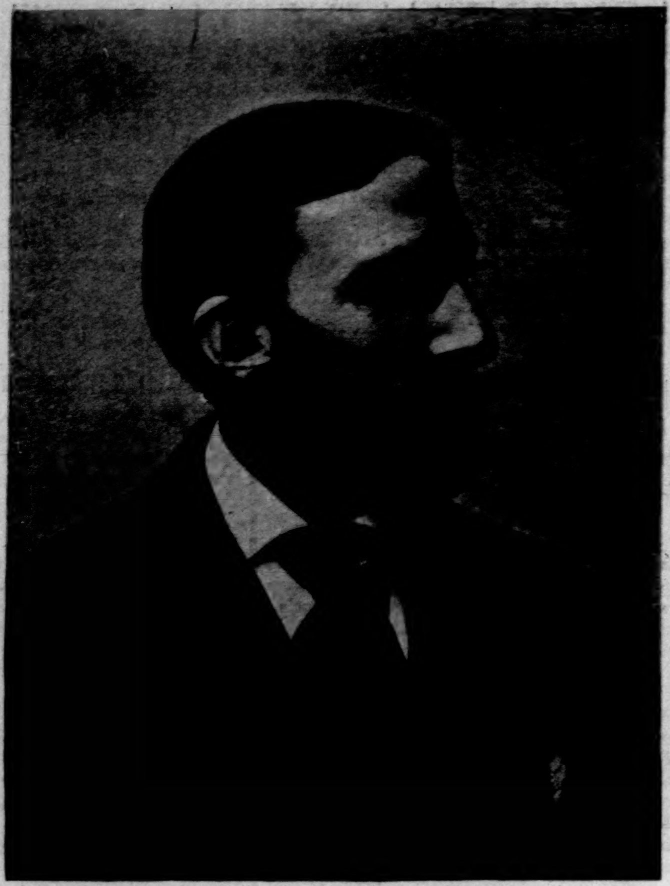
IF there is any doubt that Tammany will be defeated this year it arises from uncertainty as to the conduct of partisan politicians. If Tammany remains in power after the 1st of next January it will be because partisan politicians who pretend to be against that organization will help it to victory by their own selfish dissensions.

The situation just now is not promising. Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats are insisting on "straight" nominations at least for the head of the ticket. The German Association holds itself aloof from partisan politics, but its leader, Mr. RIDDER, announces that he favors an independent Democratic candidate like Mr. FAIRCHILD for Mayor, and an independent Republican like Mr. GUSTAV SCHWAB for president of the Board of Aldermen, with Mr. GOFF as candidate for Recorder SMYTH's place. The Good Government Clubs seem to favor the nomination of President SETH LOW, but Mr. LOW has declared with a definiteness that leaves no doubt of the finality of his determination that he will not be a candidate. It is pretty well established that Mr. LOW was not selected or thought of because he is a Republican, but because of his excellent record as Mayor of Brooklyn. Mr. BROOKFIELD has spoken, apparently in behalf of the Committee of Thirty, in favor of a union ticket with a Republican at its head, while Mr. GRACE, speaking for the State Democracy, advocates a union ticket with a Democrat at its head.

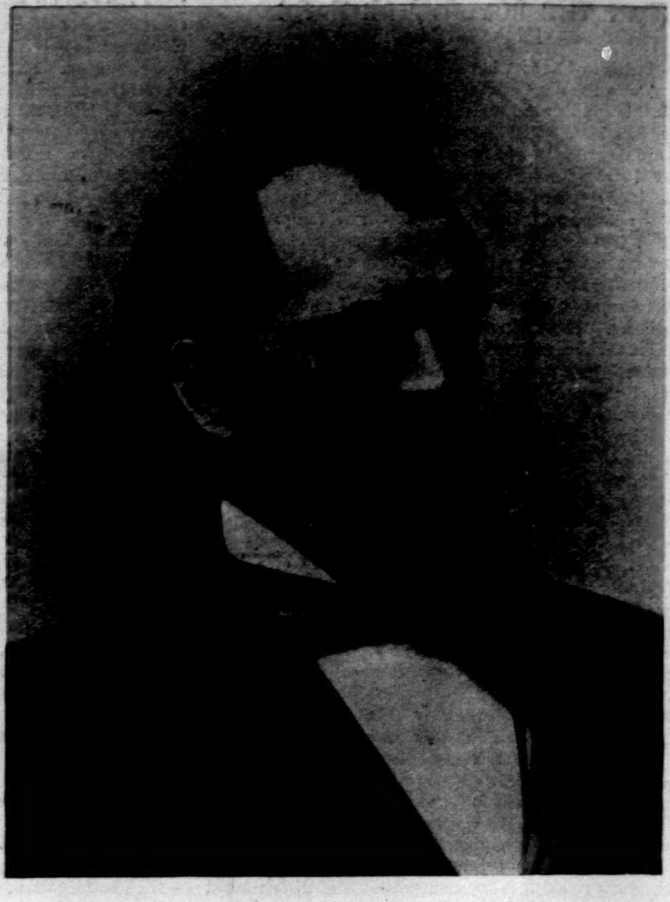
In this state of affairs the citizens of New York who care most for the ridding of the city of the burden and disgrace of Tammany ought to reflect seriously as to their duty to themselves and the municipality. Are they to permit the present promising opportunity to drive CROKER's corruptionists out of power to be lost through partisan greed? It is evident from Mayor GILROY's appointment of Mr. KERWIN as Police Commissioner that the deal between PLATT and Tammany survives. The PLATT-MILHOLLAND Republicans are insisting on a "straight ticket." They are the very people whose conduct in years gone by have made Republican tickets synonymous with "trades," "deals," and "sell-outs." It is plain now that the two Democrats and two Republicans on the Police Board will appoint the four inspectors in each election district with a view to making the PLATT-MILHOLLAND "straight ticket" helpful as possible to Tammany. Therefore the citizens of New York who are in earnest for reform must face the probability that they will be forced to contend against Tammany and Tammany's cunning ally in the coming municipal election.

There is no doubt that a large majority of the voters of New York are not only opposed to Tammany, but are eager to make their opposition effective. In order to accomplish their purpose, however, they must unite, for they have a giant's task to perform. Most of these voters do not care whether the candidate for Mayor is a Republican or a Democrat, and nearly all of them would vote for any candidate on whom a union could be effected, no matter what might be his national politics. The outlook for a union, however, is not bright if politicians on both sides are to be permitted to continue their partisan claims and assertions. The more this partisan talk is indulged in, the more likely is it that the seeds of dissension will be sown, and union rendered impossible. The question which the people of New York must decide is whether the worst is to be permitted; whether the golden opportunity is to slip from them because some Republicans and some Democrats are quarrelling as to which party ought to name the head of a union ticket, the only kind of ticket which is certain to succeed.

If the politicians of the two parties—the politicians who really prefer to overthrow Tammany—cannot live up to the occasion, cannot for the time at least forget party greed and spoils, cannot perform their task in the spirit which governs the people, and which has been aroused not only against Tammany, but in behalf of real municipal reform, they ought to be set aside as unworthy. The city is ready to rise up against the degrading corruption that now prevails, and there should be no patience felt with men who offer themselves as leaders, and who yet seek to use for their own or their party's greed the forces eager to exert themselves for the establishment of civic virtue in the municipality. If the politicians of both parties do not speedily show signs not only of a willingness, but of a determination, to come together, and to make a ticket for which all good citizens can vote, the task must be performed by others. The revolt against Tammany is not a revolt of politicians, but of the people, and it will be eminently fitting if some body representative of the public interests, like the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, or a union of such bodies, composed as they are of men having the largest material interests in the city, acting in concert with the Good Government Clubs, shall call a mass-meeting and name a citizens' ticket. This is at least a suggestion worthy of consideration. If the politicians will not come together, the people will. The awakened virtue of New York is not to have its opportunity trifled away while waiting on the wiles of shifty politicians.



HON. PETER S. GROSSCUP,
JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS.



SENATOR JOHN B. GORDON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

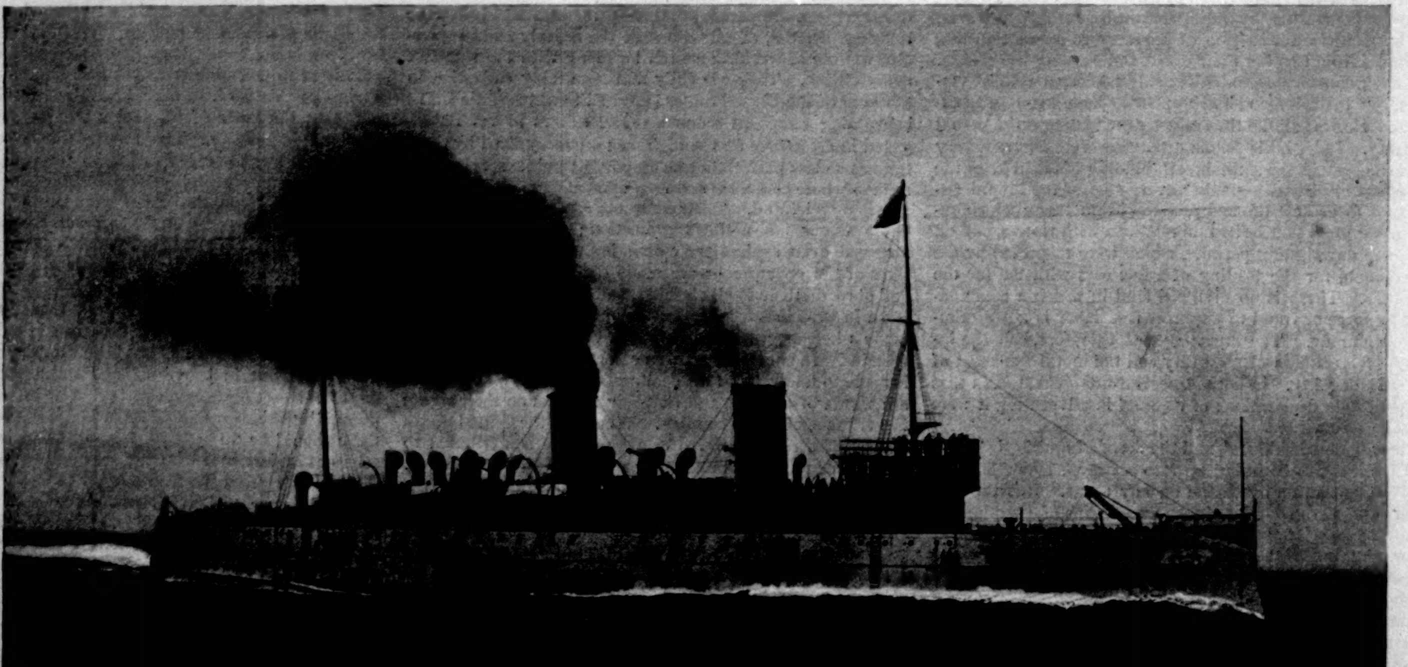
JUDGE GROSSCUP, OF CHICAGO.

JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP, of Chicago, presiding over the United States District Court, though on the bench but a short while—he was appointed to succeed Judge Blodgett, late in President Harrison's administration—had already distinguished himself as a jurist of learning and firmness before the recent labor troubles arose and directed upon him and his court the attention of the whole country. In the cases against the railroad strikers he held that to "hold up a road," as the strikers express it, was against the law, inasmuch as it interfered with the carrying of the mails, and also with inter-State commerce. He therefore issued an injunction restraining all persons from committing acts that would cause such interferences, and the scope of these injunctions was so wide that they have been called "omnibus injunctions." For disobedience of the orders issued by Judge Grosscup, Debs, the head man of the American Railway Union, and several of his associates, were, when this article was written, in jail for contempt of court, besides being under heavy bonds to answer indictments for conspiracy to interrupt the mails and interfere with inter-State commerce. Judge Grosscup is a native of Ashland, Ohio, where he was born fifty-two years ago. His ancestors settled in Berks County, Pennsylvania, one hundred and fifty years or so ago, and were prominent men, holding positions in the colonial government before the Revolution, and later in the State government. Judge Grosscup's grandfather moved to Ohio early in this century. The Judge was educated in the common schools and Wittenberg College at Springfield, Ohio. He studied law in Boston, and began practice in Ashland in 1874, in partnership with the late Judge William Osborne. He was interested in politics, and once ran for Congress as a Republican, but was defeated. In 1883 he moved to Chicago and entered into partnership with Leonard Smith, one of the most distinguished lawyers in the West. Judge Grosscup soon won recognition at the Chicago bar, and when Judge Blodgett retired he was recommended for the vacancy by the bar without reference to politics. His decisions and rulings since he has been on the bench have been approved very generally by the best lawyers in the country.

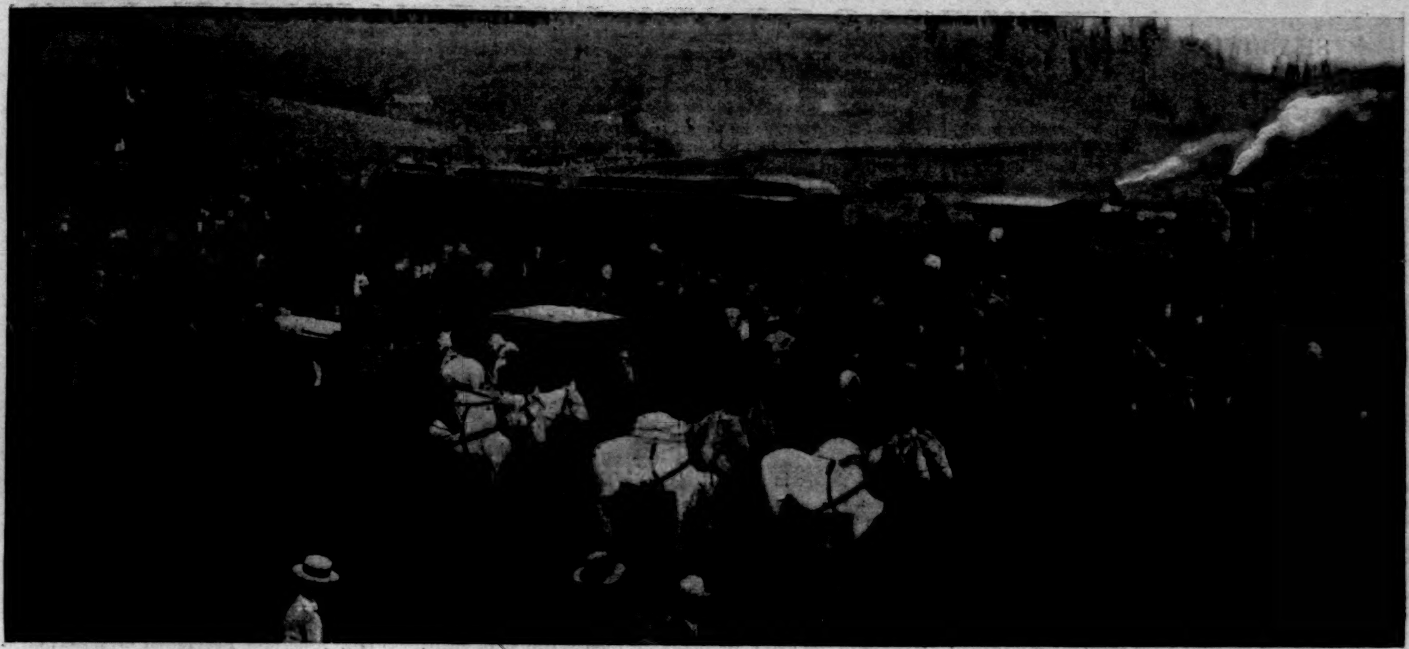
SENATOR GORDON, OF GEORGIA.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, from his place in the United States Senate, announced, when the followers of Debs threatened insurrection against national authority, that he, as the chief officer of the Association of Confederate Veterans—a society which in the South corresponds to the Grand Army of the Republic in the North—was prepared to lead one hundred thousand of these veterans, and others of the South, in defence of the national laws and the authority of the flag. In the South General Gordon's announcement created much enthusiasm. He has been so long in public life, and his career is so well known, that it is unnecessary to give more than the outlines of his biography.

He was born in Georgia in 1832, and educated at the University of Georgia. Before the war he practised law, and in 1861 entered the Confederate army as a captain of infantry. He rose through the various grades, and in 1863 was a Major-General and corps commander. When the army of Lee surrendered at Appomattox, General Gordon was in command of the Second Army Corps. During hostilities he was wounded eight times, and bears on his face now an ugly scar made by a Union Minie-ball. After the war he took a prominent place among the progressive men of the South, and in 1868 ran as a Democrat for Governor of Georgia. In 1868 and in 1872 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and in both years was a Presidential elector. In 1872 he was elected to the United States Senate, and soon took rank as one of the most brilliant orators in that body. He was elected to succeed himself, but resigned before his term had expired, so that he could give some attention to his private affairs. In 1886, and again in 1888, he was elected Governor of Georgia, and in 1890 was again chosen as United States Senator. It is gratifying to say that in the debates on the silver coinage General Gordon showed himself a friend of sound finance. He also advocates a genuine reform of the tariff.



THE FASTEST SEA-GOING VESSEL IN THE WORLD—23.073 KNOTS AN HOUR.
United States Steamship *Minneapolis* at the Finish of her Trial Trip, July 14, 1894.—From an Instantaneous Photograph.—[See Page 702.]



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT CRIPPLE CREEK OVER THE FLORENCE AND CRIPPLE CREEK RAILROAD, JULY 1, 1894.

TWO RAILROADS INTO CRIPPLE CREEK.

COLORADO certainly reacts and recovers rapidly from wicked blows. A very few weeks ago its gold stronghold, Cripple Creek, was the scene of what promised to be a bloody war. Sunday, July 1st, this same place was decked out in holiday humor and attire to welcome the first train entering its territory. Up to this date all passengers and freight had been hauled over the mountain trails by coach and wagon from Cañon City, Midland, or Colorado Springs. This barrier of twenty-eight miles is now broken, and the millions of dollars in low-grade ore dumps can be hauled with a profit to mill and smelter, while incidentally the backbone of strikes in this camp will be broken effectively, since labor can be commanded and placed in Cripple Creek within two hours.

The first train to enter camp was over the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad, Sunday, July 1st. This line is a feeder to the D. and R. G. road, and runs from Florence over and through the Front Range Mountains to the door of Cripple Creek. Its advent was attended with disastrous results. In returning the train jumped a trestle between the two mines Anaconda and Providence, killing one of the sixty passengers and injuring six. The trucks on the rear coach jumped the track just as the engine had crossed a bridge over a small *arroyo*, and in a moment the car was over the embankment, carrying with it the first coach and the baggage-car. That other passengers were not killed is remarkable.

ACCIDENT TO THE TRAIN ON ITS RETURN TRIP.

Another railroad forging its way into camp is the Midland Terminal, a spur to the Santa Fe, which is now within two miles of Cripple Creek, at a terminus called Gillett, where the deputy sheriffs camped one thousand strong several weeks ago. This road starts from Divide, a point in the clouds, and wanders over mountains and through cañons for a distance of twenty-eight miles. In a few weeks it will enter camp.

H. R. W.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—THE FIRST MEAT TRAIN LEAVING THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS UNDER ESCORT OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY, JULY 10, 1894.
Drawn by G. W. Peters from a Sketch by G. A. Coffin.

SHADOWING CUPID.

The Romance of a Commuter.

BY P. McARTHUR.

"HERE is a chance for you to do some detective work, Sutton," exclaimed one of a party of commuters on the Jersey ferry-boat. "That pretty girl over there has been crossing with us every morning and evening for the past week. Now get your Lecoq acuteness to work and tell us something about her."

Sutton, a wholesale grocer, who has an idea that Nature intended him to be a great detective, though Fate willed otherwise, looking critically at the girl before replying.

"She is a type-writer," he said, "in some office where she is kept very busy."

"Prove it."

"That is easy. There is a stain of purple ink, such as is used for type-writing, on the corner of the handkerchief that peeps from under her belt. Besides, she has one hand clasped in the other, after the manner of people who are nervous, though her bearing and complexion show that she is not of a nervous temperament. She clasps them in that way because her fingers are very tired with work."

The usual laugh greeted this, for Sutton's hobby has long been a source of amusement to his friends. He bore it good-naturedly, as is his wont, though he felt certain that this time at least his theorizing was correct.

That the girl crossed with them every morning and evening will not be wondered at by any punctual business man. Though it is possible to wander through New York for months without seeing the same person twice, men who keep regular hours soon find themselves surrounded by familiar faces. Others who keep the same hours cross the ferry with them morning and evening, day after day, or go to and from business on the same trains. In this way they get to know by sight all the people who pass along the same route regularly, and can pick out strangers at a glance.

A few evenings after it was remarked that the pretty girl was a regular passenger, Sutton announced to his friends—who had ceased to pay attention to her when her face had become familiar—that she was in love.

"With whom?" he was asked.

"I don't know yet; but I know she is in love, for I saw her kiss a girl friend as we were crossing the ferry. After kissing, she laid her cheek against her friend's for a moment, and only a girl who is accustomed to being kissed by a lover would do that. Moreover, she is happy in her love, or she would not do it, because the loverlike action would recall unpleasant memories."

Although this information was jeered at, the romantic touch reawakened interest in the girl, and they all began to notice her again. A few mornings later, a young man accompanied her across the ferry, and returned with her in the evening.

"Any one can see at a glance that they are lovers," exclaimed Sutton, triumphantly; "but he is out of work and hunting for a position. That is shown by the fact that he was waiting for her in the ferry-house this evening. If he were regularly employed, it is not likely he would have time to do that; and besides, he has his pockets full of the advertising columns of the daily papers. For the last couple of mornings, when crossing the ferry, she has been studying the 'want ads.' in the papers, as they did together this morning, and I thought at first she was looking for another position; but it is now clear that she was simply looking for something to call his attention to. He was not successful to-day, for he looks dejected, though he was quite hopeful in the morning."

This programme was repeated on several consecutive days, and the prospects of the young man's getting a job were beginning to look gloomy. One evening, however, they found him waiting in the ferry-house manifestly very happy, and impatient for her arrival. When she came, he ran up to her and said something in an excited manner. She shook hands with him, as if in congratulation, and they passed on into the ferry-boat.

"She'll have an engagement-ring in a few weeks," said Sutton, and none of his friends disputed the prediction. They all hoped she would, and began to feel as much interest in the match as if they were helping to make it.

To the complete satisfaction of the commuters, the lovers began to cross the ferry together both morning and evening, though they went no further than Jersey City, where they evidently lived.

A few weeks later she began to carry her left glove in her hand, and a bright little diamond set in a plain loop of gold sparkled on her finger. Their unknown and undreamed-of friends felt like offering their congratulations, but restrained themselves.

During the next few months nothing of importance happened except a rather brisk lovers' quarrel. They failed to meet at the ferry-boat several times, and the glove was once more worn on her left hand. When they did meet one morning they simply nodded coldly to each other.

"Confound him! it is his fault!" said Sutton, angrily. "That redness about her eyes, which a little touch of powder does not hide, shows that she has been crying over it, and the set, determined expression of his face shows that he is in the wrong and knows it. It is probable that he is jealous, for nothing brings such a look of determined despair to a man's face as jealousy, especially when there are but slight grounds for it."

The others agreed in this opinion, and the young man did not know that there were half a dozen respectable commuters on the boat who felt an intense longing to kick him. When the breach was healed, a short time afterwards, they agreed that he was being treated better than he deserved, but at the same time almost lost a train by stopping to have a drink to the success and happiness of their heroine.

Near Christmas the young man began to ask for a raise of salary. The amateur detectives were sure of this because of his fits of despondence and exhilaration. He was evidently trying to decide from the treatment he received from his superiors whether he would get the raise or not. When the great men had been affable to him he was very happy when crossing the ferry, but when they had been grumpy he was in the depths of despair.

Sutton was so anxious he should get the increase he wanted and be able to marry he could hardly be restrained from offering him a position in his store with a good salary attached. But at the first of the year the young man became cheerful again, and the unusual air of importance he began to cultivate made it certain that success had attended his efforts.

A change immediately took place in the attitude of the lovers to each other. Instead of merely being happy in each other's company, they were evidently discussing something constantly, exchanging opinions and arguing. Their watching friends knew they were discussing the details of the approaching wedding.

Presently she stopped coming, and they knew the wedding-day must be near, for the young man did not show any signs of worrying, as he would if she were ill, or if they had quarrelled, or she had lost her position. And he had a way of smiling to himself that told the story. There is nothing so blissful as the reminiscent smile of a lover, and it is unmistakable.

One morning they missed him, and suspected he was away being married. They speculated much as to whether they would start housekeeping in some part of the city that would make it necessary for him to cross the ferry at a different hour or to cross a different ferry. They felt it would be unkind, almost unjust, of him not to continue crossing with them as usual, considering the interest they were taking in his affairs. They wanted to be sure that their unconscious protégés were married and happy.

About a week later he reappeared. There was a flower in his button-hole, and they decided he was married.

"Let us go and congratulate him," said Sutton.

"All right," said the others.

"But," suggested a wary one, "what if he is not married? A flower in his button-hole is not much to convict a man on."

Sutton hesitated a moment. His reputation as a heaven-born detective rested to some extent on his conclusion; but after another look at the young man he said, confidently:

"It's all right. Come along."

They went over to where the young man was standing, and Sutton acted as spokesman.

"Pardon me," he said, "but we have been very much interested in you and your affairs for the last couple of years, and wish to offer our congratulations on your recent marriage."

"Eh—er—er—eh?" stammered the young man, blushing, and looking embarrassed.

"You were married last week, were you not?"

"Yes, sir!"

"To the young lady with whom you have been in the habit of crossing the ferry for the last couple of years."

"Yes."

"Then I hope you will allow us to congratulate you. We have had an eye on you both every day during that time."

There was much laughter and exchanging of cards, until the boat reached the wharf at New York, and the happy but very much confused bridegroom was enabled to escape.

"I say, Sutton, what convinced you so suddenly that he was married?" asked the man who had previously been doubtful.

"Why," replied Sutton, with the bored air of a Sherlock Holmes, "a child might have seen it. His wife had asked him to buy something in the city, and to make him remember it had tied a string around his thumb."

GRAND CHIEF SARGENT.

FRANK P. SARGENT as the Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, an organization of which Debs was once secretary, knew very well the man he had to deal with when he went to Chicago several weeks ago to counsel moderation and to prevent if possible the extension of the labor troubles. Mr. Sargent does not believe in strikes, and has tried in many notable instances to prevent them. He was born in Vermont in 1857, and in his early youth was a photographer. Tiring of this, he went to Arizona and served an enlistment in the United States Cavalry. When he had been honorably discharged he went into the service of the Southern Pacific Railroad as a wiper. From this humble position he became a fireman, and as such he remains to-day. Twenty years ago he joined the brotherhood, and at once became an active worker. He was made Grand Chief of the order, and became also Chief of the Supreme Order of Railway Employees, a society which Debs's American Railway Union was organized to supplant. Mr. Sargent's attitude in the present strikes might be attributed to his natural opposition to the American Railway Union were it not that he has proved time and time again that he did not believe in strikes, but thought them hurtful rather than beneficial to the interests of working-men. Two such notable instances were when the Knights of Labor made a fight against the New York Central Railroad, and more recently when the switchmen in Buffalo went on a strike and were so disorderly that the militia had to be called out to protect railway and other property. On both occasions he refused to let his organization strike, and did what he could to persuade others to settle their grievances peaceably. Mr. Sargent lives in Terre Haute, Indiana, where he holds the respect and confidence of all classes of the people. He is something of an orator, and is especially clear and convincing in argument.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, LABOR LEADER.

THE American Federation of Labor, of which Samuel Gompers is President, has an affiliated membership of 600,000 men, and his attitude is therefore of very great importance in any great contest in which labor shall be on one side. Debs and his associates fondly hoped that Mr. Gompers would call out all of these men to help along the fight of the American Railway Union; but Mr. Gompers saw no wisdom in such a course, and when the representatives of his federation met in Chicago while the strike was at its worst, he persuaded them not to order a strike. Indeed, Mr. Gompers does not believe in strikes except in very rare instances, and he believes in infringements of the law not at all. He thinks the only wise course to pursue when the laws discriminate against working-people is to agitate for their repeal. The service he rendered the country in discountenancing Debs and his allies was very great. Had he acted as the hot heads advised, there would have been a formidable insurrection against government authority. Mr. Gompers was born in England forty-four years ago, of German parents. He was brought to this country when ten years old, and apprenticed to a shoemaker. Not liking this work, he learned to make cigars, and that has remained his trade. He joined the Cigar-makers' Union and became prominent in it, and was repeatedly sent as a delegate to the International Union, where his abilities were early recognized. He served two terms as President of the New York State Working-men's Assembly, and was also twice President of the old Federation of Trades and Labor Unions. Mr. Gompers is a great believer in the good results to labor to be obtained from a union of trades unions. Acting together, he thinks, they can peaceably secure the passage and enforcement of laws favorable to working-people. Mr. Gompers is a short, solidly built man, with a strong attractive face and a deliberate manner. When in conversation his eyes seek those of the person with whom he is talking, and he likes to have his gaze returned with directness and frankness. At the beginning his words are put forth slowly, and his sentences are formed with a degree of care that suggests the weighing of every syllable; as he proceeds and warms to the subject deliberation is followed by fluency, and the words crowd one another in a perfect torrent of speech. "Yet his diction," as Dr. Shaw says, in a recent article, "is as discriminating and clear as one is taught to expect from a college professor." That picture of Mr. Gompers was made by one who knows him well, and who has been consulted by him often during the critical moments when the President of the American Federation of Labor has had serious questions to decide.

THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE "MINNEAPOLIS."

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE record that the triple-screw cruiser *Minneapolis* made on her trial trip on July 14th, 23.073 knots, places her easily in the front rank as the fastest sea-going vessel in the world. She is American in design and finish, and therefore the full credit of this great ship-building achievement belongs to the United States. At one time on her trip she made a spurt of 25.02 knots for a distance of nearly two knots and a half, and according to the English plan of determining speed should be credited with this record. The English speed their vessels over a measured mile, and several of their ships, and some of those of other nations, have made a record of 23 knots and over, but none has ever made any such showing as 25 knots. The sister ship of the *Minneapolis*, the *Columbia*, also made a sustained spurt of more than 24 knots on her trial trip, and therefore in these vessels the United States has the fastest two ships in the world.

A trial trip of such vessels has two aspects, one the picturesque, and the other the important. The *Minneapolis* earned a bonus of $414,000, and a race for that amount of money has elements of excitement about it that make any other contest in modern times somewhat insignificant in comparison. The constant fear that some little bolt or other trifle of the machinery may give way just at the last minute, makes the trip a matter of keen anxiety until the line is finally crossed, and gives a tension and a nervous strain to the occasion that none can forget who has ever been present at such a time.

The picture that the ship makes as she goes through the water, the roar of the mighty machinery, the confusing and yet amazingly wonderful action of the engines, the consumption of coal, and the demand for skill and extraordinarily hard labor in the fire-rooms, the knowledge of the immense amount of heat, steam, and water required to produce the results desired, the things seen and the things unseen—all these go toward intensifying the picturesque side of the occasion. The illustration accompanying this article shows the appearance of the *Minneapolis* at probably her fastest speed. It gives a good idea of the remarkably easy manner in which she displaced millions of tons of water almost minute after minute with little commotion, but in the nature of things it cannot portray the most interesting side of the occasion—the activity inside the vessel. It reveals some of

the reason of her success, the part due to the shape of her hull, but it cannot display anything of that greater reason for success, the activity of her engines. One would think that on such an occasion the spray would be flying to her mast-head, and that the rolling waves that would speed away from her would be of the engulfing sort.

The importance of the test lies primarily in the fact that the full capabilities of the vessel are revealed. It is a strain on the vessel that might be described properly as terrific—a strain such as the vessels of no other navy are subject to; and yet it is a fact that not one of our new ships has been injured in the least by such an ordeal.

This also has its importance, in that it reveals at once the superiority of American ship-building. The triumph of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* also shows that ship-construction in this country is not a lost science. It ought also to clear the way for that most desirable event in commerce, the restoration of the American flag to the high seas, and to be its forerunner. This is why there should be general rejoicing at the result of this test. The *Minneapolis* was designed to go at the rate of 21 knots an hour. To those who know the difficulty of securing an extra quarter of a knot in speed in a vessel after the full capacity has been fixed, this performance by the *Minneapolis* will seem nothing short of wonderful.

These are the dimensions of the vessel and her sister ship: length, 412 feet; breadth, 58 feet; draught, 22 feet 6 inches; tonnage, 7350. The *Columbia* developed only 18,000 horse-power, but the *Minneapolis* developed 21,000. It probably took that extra 3000 horse-power to produce that one-quarter of a knot, and this shows what an extraordinary thing such a small increase is when a certain limit in speed has been reached. The main armament of these twin vessels consists of one 8-inch gun, two 6-inch, eight 4-inch, and eleven rapid-firing guns of various dimensions.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

"Sweet are the Uses of Adversity."

WITH Debs and Co. a-kicking up a fuss,
And getting all our railroads in a muss;
With men like Peffer in the Senate halls
To bring debates down to the plane of brawls;

With anarchistic Altgeld in high place
To plunge the State of Lincoln in disgrace;
With ribald rebels in the Western States,
Pennoyers everywhere, and, worse luck, Waites;

With sugar-coated pills to make our laws
Untrue to any but some selfish cause;
With Yankee brawn laid low across the seas
By Oxford athletes with apparent ease;

When our crack boat, our *Vigilant*, e'en fails,
Knocked largely out by craft of Mr. Wales—
This year of '94, I sadly fear,
Is not in any sense a Yankee year.

So haste then, '94, curse that you are—
Speed on your course; get off the calendar!
If I'd my way, there isn't any doubt,
I'd take a sponge and wipe you wholly out,

But for the saving fact, vile year, that you
Must show what woes we people can live through;
And so again make other nations see
We're quite as great as we're cracked up to be.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

NEW YORK AND THE "LIBERTY OF THE PRESS."

THE "liberty of the press" received its first complete assertion in New York. It was in 1731–8, when all over Europe printers and authors were held in a merciless bondage. In England De Foe, the accomplished editor, was pilloried, fined, imprisoned, for an admirable satire on religious intolerance. Even his great adversary, Swift, was more than once in danger of fine and imprisonment. The "liberty of the press"—the palladium of British liberty, as it was called—was a mere name, an empty pretence. In France the Bastile and the severest penalties of the law awaited the successful satirist and reformer. Even in America Franklin was driven from Boston for his freedom in writing, and Bradford from Philadelphia.

Fortunately for the world, New York became at this time the scene of a remarkable political struggle. On the one side were the English Governor, Cosby, and his supporters; on the other a few resolute and gifted men, who led on the people. The city was then only a small town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. Not many of them could read or write, at least in English; the prevailing language was Dutch. Our ancestors were somewhat harsh, fierce, and cruel, but often generous, resolute, devoted. They could die for their faith. Humanity had made little progress in New York. There was a slave-market at the foot of Wall Street, where wild and savage Africans were sold from the slaver as it lay in the East River. They were held in obedience by terrible severities. They were whipped, imprisoned, and if they rebelled, were burned at the stake. White slaves too, mechanics and others from England, were bought and sold in New York. The debtor's prison in the park was filled with its miserable occupants. Our ancestors lived in a kind of semi-barbarism. Fevers raged in the uncleanly city; the water was bad; there were no good schools; slavery corrupted the morals of the people; the English government, unwise and intolerant, took their money, but set them no good example.

At this moment began a strong movement toward reform that led at last to independence. At its head were several eminent men. Rep Van Dam, a Dutch merchant of high standing, recently president of the council; Lewis Morris, formerly chief justice, the ancestor of Gouverneur Morris of the Revolution; James Alexander, a Scot, a person of rare talent, the father of Lord Stirling; and William Smith, an Englishman, the finest speaker at the bar—were the chiefs of the opposition. They founded or sustained a newspaper, *The New York Weekly Journal*. It was edited and printed by John Peter Zenger. The English Governor, Cosby, and his council attempted to suppress the new paper, but the people of New York sustained it. Never did a fiercer political contest rage in the city. The chief aim of the *New York Weekly Journal* was to assert the "liberty of the press." Week after week it gave fine essays on its single theme, and illustrated it by its bitter attacks upon the ruling faction. The mind of the people was aroused; the impulse of progress began. The *New York Weekly Journal* of 1734 was only a small folio sheet of two pages, ill printed on coarse paper, yet it opened the way to the wonderful progress of the modern press.

Cosby and the court party resolved to silence it by the obsolete law of libel. They called upon the Grand Jury to indict Zenger; the jury boldly refused. They asked the provincial Assembly to punish the printer; the deputies took no notice of their request. They then ordered several copies of the *Journal* to be burned by the common hangman, and directed the city magistrates to be present at the ceremony; the Mayor and Aldermen refused. At last the court party, roused to fierce rage, ordered the arrest of Zenger, and shut him up in a close confinement. They hoped to bring ruin on the heads of his supporters, Morris, Alexander, Smith, and Van Dam.

The memorable trial of the printer took place in the hot days of August, 1735, at the old City Hall, on Wall Street at the head of Broad. All New York crowded the narrow court-room, or waited to hear the result without. The judges were all on the side of the court party, the people for Zenger. The chief justice demanded his conviction; Hamilton of Philadelphia defended him in a famous speech. The New York jury pronounced him "not guilty." The crowded court-room broke into loud applause. A New York jury had decided that it was never illegal or wrong to speak or write the truth, to complain of wicked governors, or to assail unjust laws. The "liberty of the press" was asserted for the first time. In New York, at least, the printer and the author were to be freemen. A century and a half have passed, and a free press has led the way to humane progress. The slaver no longer lies off Wall Street on the East River; the British Governor has fled with it; the debtor's prison has passed away; milder manners and gentler impulses have come. The *New York Journal* of 1734 has been the parent and the guide of the American press.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

CHICAGO UNDER THE LAW.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

AND the troops came in by the train-load, and the Mayor and the Governor didn't want them, and neither did the mob; but the mob and the Mayor and the Governor had them, and "they had to like them, too." Slat-cars full of horses, big guns on flats, and coaches of "horse, foot, and dragoons," dusty and tough, with that delicious U. S. campaign hat knocked into a thousand fanciful ways—you can read character by that hat. Big gunners from Riley, the red of their faces running their stripes a close second—it's the kiss of the Kansas sun. They fall into the arms of the gunners from Sheridan, and pound each other on the back. "Cut the fuse to zero and turn her loose—hey, old man?"

There is infantry to throw at the birds, in full field rig, and up to the camps they come with the swing-swing, swing-swing of a thousand legs moving in unison while the dust rises. Officers with six-shooters and sword, a handkerchief around their necks, old uniforms, dust, and the hat pulled down over the right eye—the infantry "make-up" tough in their business suits. No music, no noise, no look to the right or left—just playing a professional engagement in Chicago. Cavalry go to clear the camp-grounds of the hundreds of tramps which Chicago allows to decorate her parks. It was funny to see the bums, as their beery senses returned, as they threw their eyes over this unusual molestation. One man sat up, comprehended, and shot into the air three feet, like the gentleman in *Black Crook* who comes up through the star trap, and then he struck an eleven-second gait for the crowd. One man made a talk when told to "get out." "Why?" he asked. "That's why," came the military reply, as a lieutenant and a soldier grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, spurred their horses, and he never hit the ground for a hundred yards. The poor man probably didn't understand the abrupt workings of the soldier intellect.

They are now all in camp, and the festive anarchist can come around and look over the job he has cut out for himself. The ease with which much beer is obtained in America has inflamed the imagination of this Central European peasantry here in Chicago, and they imagine they own the town. Even now there will undoubtedly be isolated acts of vandalism, which can only be of consequence if they become unbearable, in which case the people will hunt them as the stockmen used to hunt the horse-thieves out West. There are the wildest rumors afloat—there always are the most blood-curdling things which the enemy are going to do in times of war. Some fanciful chap had it that the anarchs were to hamstring the cavalry horses—how sad of him? One peculiarity of all the awful things which the enemy are going to do is that the other fellows are going to let them do it. It is very hard on the nerves of the quiet cit, but the old trooper lies back on a bale of straw and his bunky shaves him, with a horse-bucket for a lather-box. No; the trouble is all with General Miles—we have got to get him out of the army before we can have any wars. He spoiled the Sioux war, and he will spoil this too—so all the soldiers think. He is too anxious to fight, and gets a lot of soldiers right up where the enemy can have fun with them, and then the enemy thinks it over carefully, and concludes to wait. It is very discouraging. And then, too, he is young, and we are likely to have him a good while yet. Major Wallace Randolph, so well known in New York, is here from Fort Riley with his war-paint on, and a new kind of shell, which he is very anxious to try. The decent people of Chicago open everything to the troops; and well they may, since their presence alone keeps the social scum from rising to the top. There is always more or less doubt about all the other forces of the law, but no one doubts the "regulars." The regulars hate the scum. The scum taunts the soldier across the street with vile language, but he, the soldier, looks deaf and dumb. One bum, in a spirit of bravado, came across the street to have fun with the soldiers, and to show his comrades what easy game soldiers were. Well, it was rather interesting. He was told to halt by a sentinel, but came on; the soldier put his gun *à porte* to bar his way, and the bum grabbed the gun. The soldier wrenched at the gun, and it was in such position that he could have run the man through with it; but in the most leisurely way up walked the other sentry and gave the tough the butt right on the temple. He dropped like a beef, and the blood came plenty. The soldiers resumed their weary round, and the friends who were to witness the fun with the soldiers came over at request and lugged off the compost. These vermin are gradually coming to understand certain phases of the military profession. Apropos of this, all the authorities on mobs—and there are books and pamphlets without number—agree that to temporize with a mob means more blood to shed in the future. Chicago should have been put under martial law immediately; a few rioters shot, and this would all have been over before now. The early fight is what a mob wants, and I do not see why the authorities should ever experiment with it. There is a big foreign population here in Chicago, which isn't American in any particular, and it follows readily any demagogue with revolutionary tendencies; it is pitied and patted by conscienceless politicians, and I think it really believed that it would not be very difficult to turn the government over; but it now entertains some doubts on the subject. Eventually this unlicked mob will have to be shot up a little, or washed, before it will get into a mental calm.

When Debs called the strike off he showed just how great a general he was—he lost his *morale*, and his men fell over each other in getting back to work. There is a big painting establishment here in Chicago, and the men struck out of sympathy for the Pullman workers. The Pullman painters came up here and hired out in their places. Well, if you can understand that, dear reader, I cannot.

Hundreds of strikers are now cursing Debs, when they should have known what he was a week before. American workmen are having hard times to educate labor leaders. Hundreds of men are tired of the unions and their sympathy strikes. I was talking to a baker who had gone out. He had been something like two years in Chicago. He had gotten married, and was saving a little. He was ordered on strike, and had to go. In two years he had been ordered out four times, and of course his savings were dissipated. He went around to another bake-shop, but there was a crowd in front of it, and he did not dare go in for fear of his life. He had a little money left, and was going to leave the city immediately to look for a job elsewhere. Another man I talked with had been a brakeman, and had hired out to a railroad, and will go to work as soon as he feels it is safe. He said: "I have belonged to a union, and all the trouble I ever had was through that. I get along all right, and then I am ordered out, and have to go all over the country to get a new job. I am going to get a non-union job, or I'm going to work on a farm, or starve." Another man who had a family, and was on strike, said, "The trouble with the union is that the hard-working men with families are in the minority, and they can't control the unions, for a lot of young fellows get a little money ahead and want to lay off—they go on a strike, and I have to go too." Another man said, "Capital is trying to crush labor and break the unions." I asked him who brought on this trouble, the railroad managers or the unions? He said the union, and finally admitted that the riot had ruined the cause, which he attributed to the ignorant and violent foreigners at the stock-yards.

From that kind of talk one can hear any extreme of opinion, such as "D—— the government!" at which point it ceases to interest me. I will leave the whole subject to the statesmen and economists, and look at the boys who are here to see that the law is upheld.

There are two strategic positions in Chicago, and General Miles has concentrated his forces there. Colonel Crofton, a sketch of whom I made, is in command on the Lake Front. Troops can be sent speedily to any point in the city, and they are run out in small parties on trains to keep the roads open, and they will fire on any one who obstructs the passage. The militia, police, and marshals also do this work, but they also garrison positions of consequence. They have caught from the "regulars" the prompt and aggressive way of doing business, and are effective. One can see a caisson thunder through the streets of Chicago at full gallop, and natty hussars with cowboy hat and revolver in curious contrast with the German leg-gear as they trot along. A good type of the work is the experience of Corporal McPherson, of K Troop, Seventh Cavalry, who sat on a box-car which was uncoupled by the strikers. The train went on for a hundred yards before it stopped. The corporal was told to come down by two policemen, who then abandoned him; but with rifle and gun he stood off the threatening mob, and made his way to the rear of the train, on which sat Lieutenant Sherer and another man with levelled carbines to cover his retreat. This Sherer is a hopelessly brave chap, and he turned a switch, and stood a mob off with a gun, and arrested a rioter, and made complaint in court against him, all of which enterprise he calls "rustling for K Troop." A sentry who had been taunted and insulted for an hour as he paced his post came off guard and up to Lieutenant Brewer, his face pale with rage, and the tears streaming. "Lieutenant, can I lick that —— ——? I will take off my uniform, so as not to disgrace it, and fight in my under-clothes." The poor fellow had been maddened by the cowardly mob, and no soldier ought to be asked to stand such abuse. But look out, some one, for the day of reckoning. Then Father Vattmann, the post chaplain of Fort Sheridan, went into a mob with the local priest at Hammond, and quieted the crazy men, or at least he helped them to understand that the Fifteenth Infantry was there to do or die.

FATHER VATTMANN.

This is the sort of work going on, with marches of observation through the city. Then it's not all as serious as this, because you can go down to Major Randolph's tepee and hear about the old sergeant who was always whittling. A recruit came up after the mess was served, and all he could get was a blob of fat pork with bristles on it. He held out the tin plate, and in a "Johnnie-come-lately voice" said,

"Sergeant!"

No answer.

"Sergeant!" he continued.

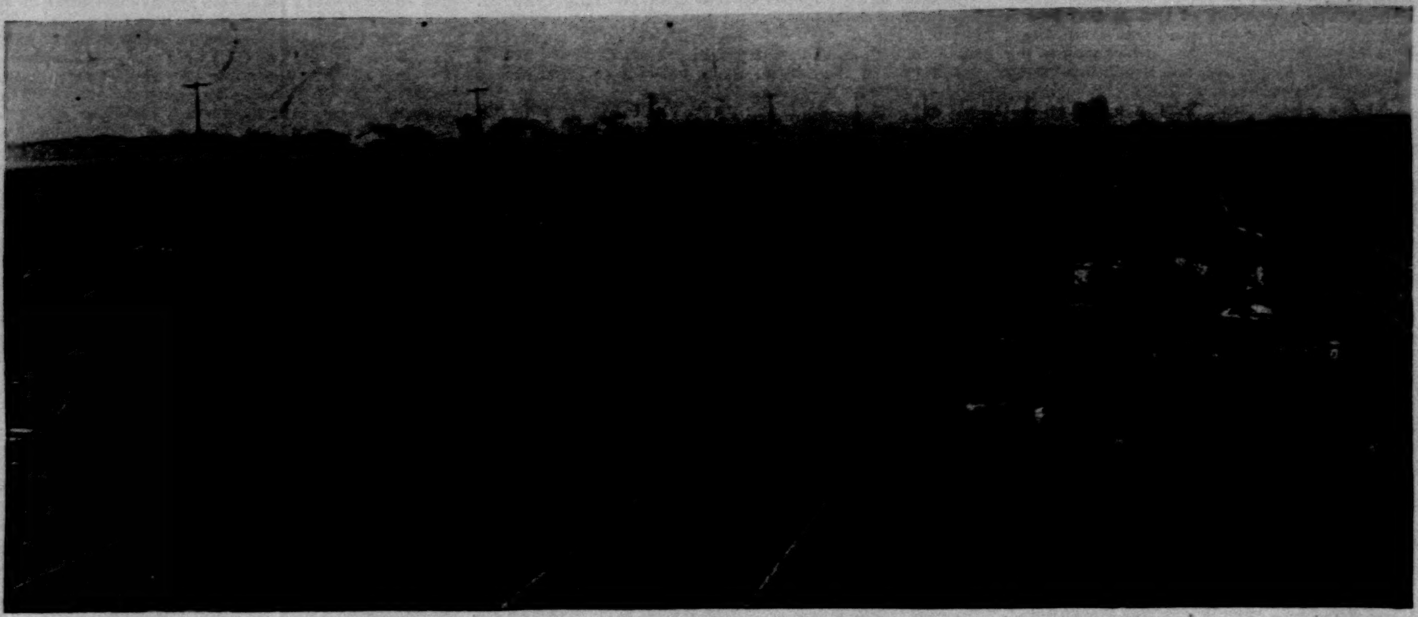
"Hwatt!"

"Sergeant, I want to see you about my meat."

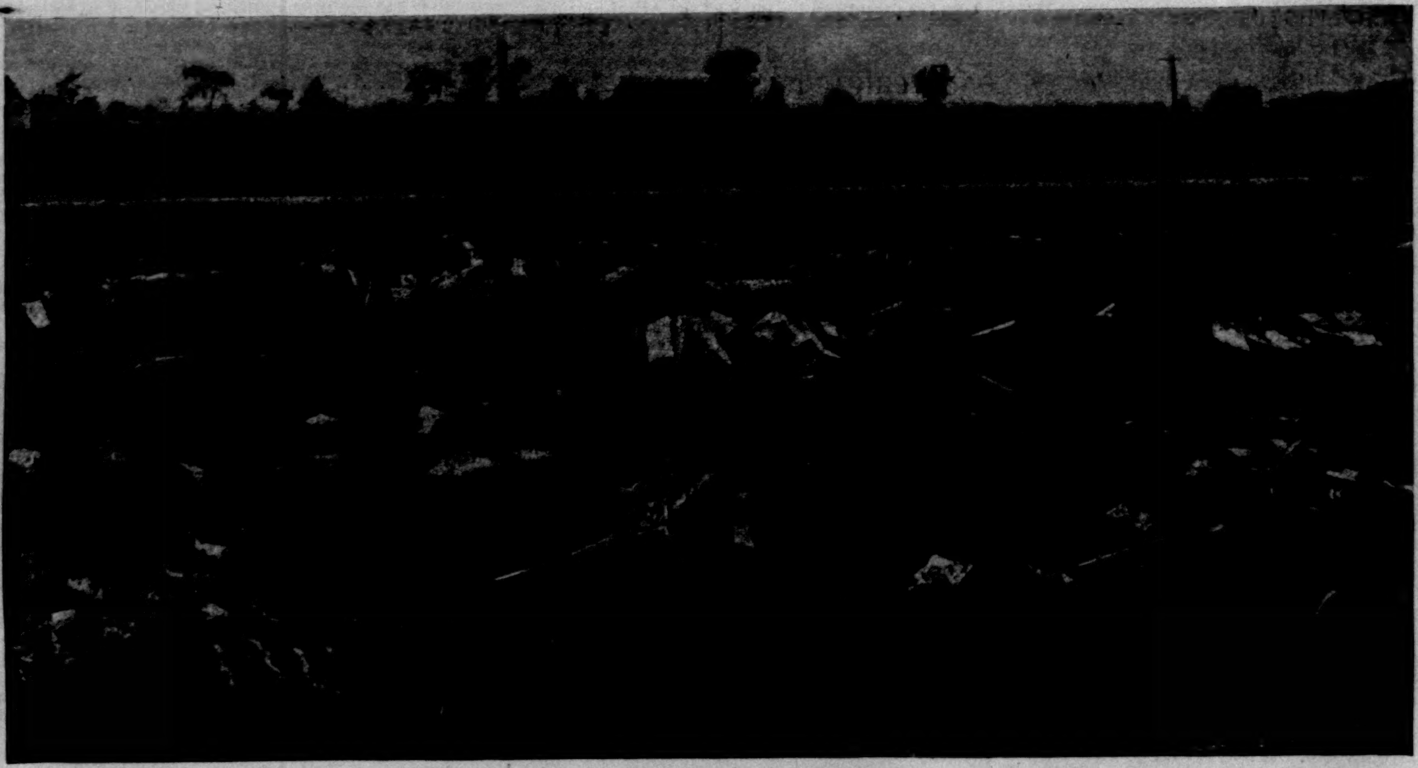
"Hwatt's the mather av tha mate?"

"Why, Sergeant, there is no lean—it's all fat."

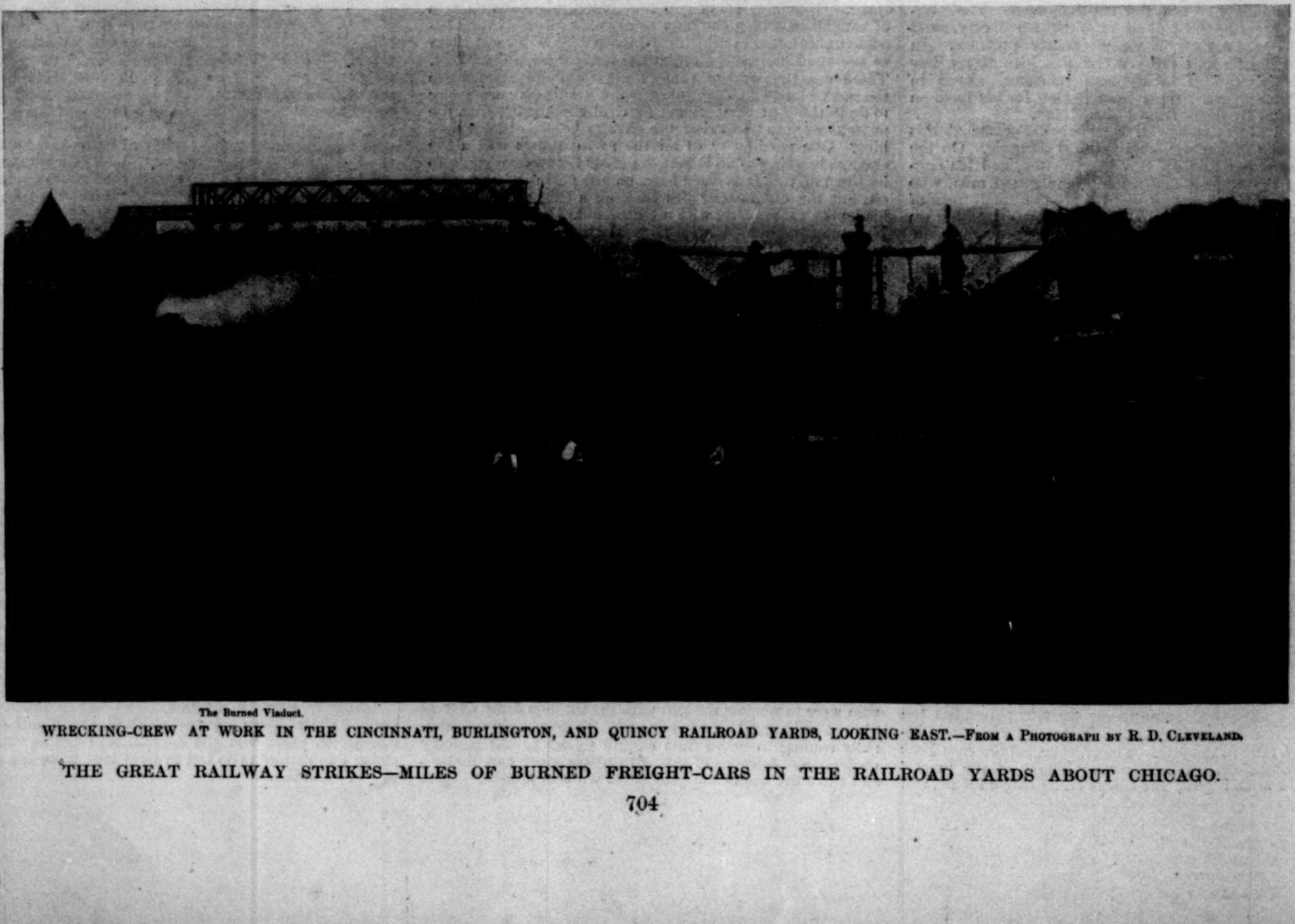
"Now g'lang out av thet," and the sergeant gave a vicious cut at his stick; "worried to death as I am from mornin' to night wid the captain and lieutenants, de ye s'pose I've nathin' ta do but to hunt lane mate for the likes av ye? Get out."



LOOKING UP THE PANHANDLE RAILROAD.—From a Photograph by J. W. Taylor.



IN THE PANHANDLE RAILROAD YARDS.—From a Photograph by J. W. Taylor.



The Burned Viaduct.

WRECKING-CREW AT WORK IN THE CINCINNATI, BURLINGTON, AND QUINCY RAILROAD YARDS, LOOKING EAST.—From a Photograph by R. D. Cleveland.

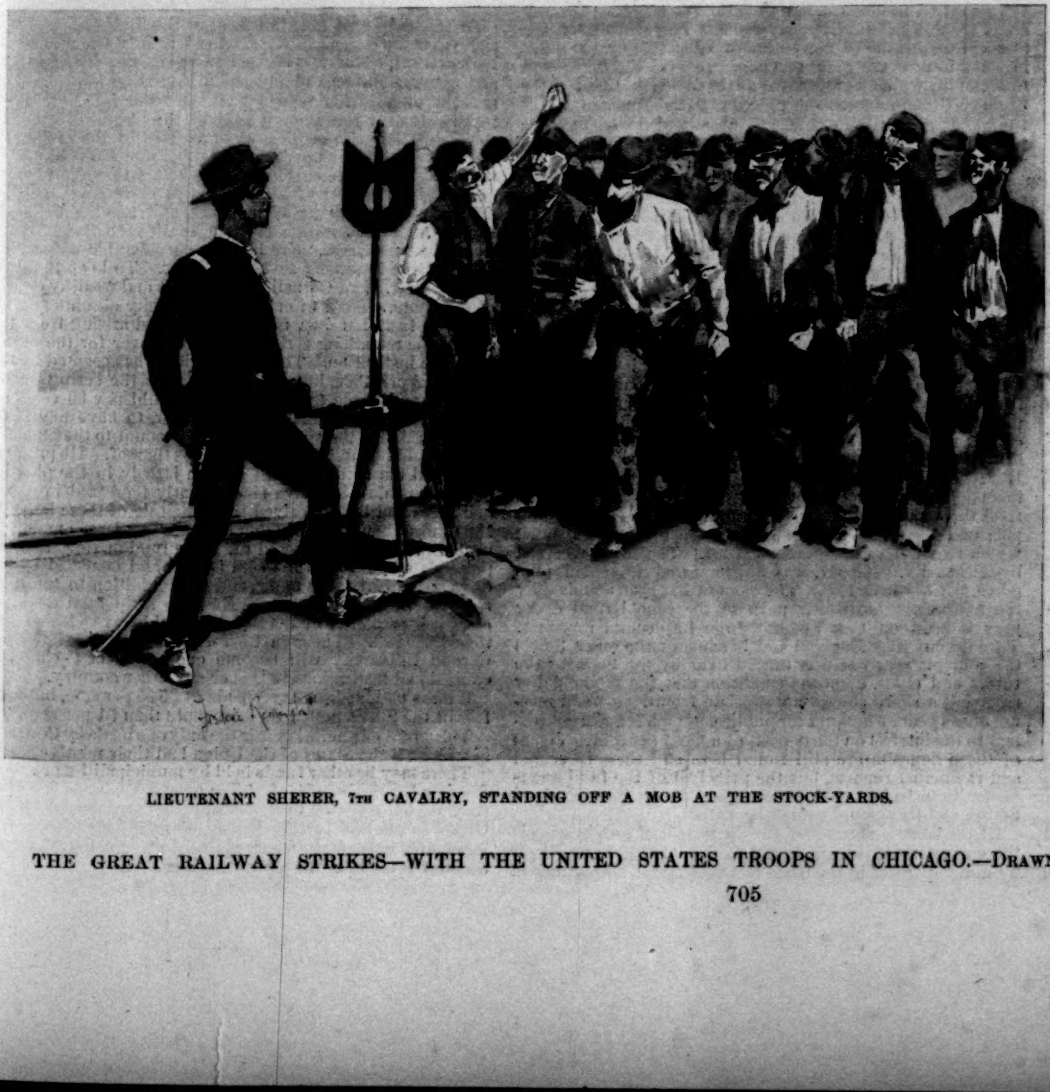
THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—MILES OF BURNED FREIGHT-CARS IN THE RAILROAD YARDS ABOUT CHICAGO.

UNITED STATES CAVALRYMEN SHAVING.

DEPUTIES BRINGING IN A PRISONER.

COL. R. E. A. CROFTON, 15TH INFANTRY.
Commander of Troops on the Lake Front.

MAJOR WALLACE F. RANDOLPH, 3D ARTILLERY.



LIEUTENANT SHERER, 7TH CAVALRY, STANDING OFF A MOB AT THE STOCK-YARDS.

CAPTAIN LUTHER R. HARE, 7TH CAVALRY,
Who stood off Twenty Thousand Rioters with a single Troop.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—WITH THE UNITED STATES TROOPS IN CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 703.]

PUBLIC SCHOOL FUNDS.

BY J. K. UPTON.

IN 1890 the public common-school funds of the United States amounted to $118,423,942, most of which amount was invested in interest-bearing securities, the income from which was applicable to the support of public common schools.

These funds were derived from the following sources:

Sales of 16th section lands granted to States admitted to the Union prior to the admission of California	$53,986,170
Sales of 16th and 36th sections lands granted to California and States since admitted	32,622,443
Sales of State lands in Texas	7,183,182
Sales of "Western Reserve" lands for State of Connecticut	2,020,074
Surplus revenue, donations, fines, appropriations, and other sources	22,612,073

The policy of the national government under which vacant public lands have been granted for the use of public common schools appears to have been adopted as early as 1803. By an act of Congress approved March 3 of that year, providing for the disposal of lands south of the State of Tennessee, Section 16 of every township was reserved to the State for the use of public schools.

By the system of surveys already established, the public lands had been divided by north and south lines and others crossing them at right angles so as to form townships six miles square—the township to be divided into thirty-six sections, each one mile square, and to be numbered consecutively from 1 to 36, commencing at the northeast corner and reckoning alternately east to west and west to east, so that a township would be thus divided into sections and numbered:

6	5	4	3	2	1
7	8	9	10	11	12
18	17	16	15	14	13
19	20	21	22	23	24
30	29	28	27	26	25
31	32	33	34	35	36

A like reservation of Section 16 out of every township was made from time to time out of all other public vacant lands, and every State admitted to the Union since 1803 has received at least this section, or one-thirty-sixth of the entire area, for school purposes; for if the section in question had been otherwise disposed of the selection of an equivalent elsewhere was authorized.

The State of Tennessee, which had already been admitted to the Union, also, by special act in 1806, received a grant of like extent, being authorized to locate 640 acres to every six miles square to be appropriated to the "use of schools for the instruction of children forever."

By an act approved March 3, 1853, there was reserved also for the use of schools the thirty-sixth section of every township, and California, then recently admitted into the Union, was given the benefit of this grant. Every State since admitted has received a like endowment of school lands, amounting to one-eighteenth of its entire area. From the sale of these lands, wholly or in part, funds have been created by the several States and invested in interest-bearing securities. Portions of the lands have been leased, and the rentals, with the income from the securities, applied to the support of public common schools.

A large portion of the lands, especially in the States recently admitted, yet remains unsold, but the amount or value, if known, is not reported.

The number of acres reserved in each State, the principal of school funds created mainly therefrom, including the approximate value of leased lands, but excluding any value of other lands, are shown by the following table:

STATES GRANTED 16TH SECTION ONLY.

Name of State.	Number of Acres.	Amount of Fund arising mainly therefrom.
Florida	964,267	$593,556
Ohio	727,129	3,323,644
Indiana	638,400	9,784,171
Illinois	995,556	11,720,557
Michigan	1,020,973	4,563,436
Wisconsin	968,000	3,140,041
Iowa	1,408,089	4,324,347
Missouri	1,221,956	8,325,547
Tennessee	742,223	2,512,500
Alabama	913,750	2,006,304
Mississippi	823,823	1,649,252
Louisiana	807,467	1,219,564
Arkansas	943,023	823,249
Total	12,174,656	$53,986,170
STATES GRANTED 16TH AND 36TH SECTIONS.		
Minnesota	2,816,178	$8,955,920
North Dakota	2,443,912	....
South Dakota	2,495,823	....
Nebraska	2,732,444	6,512,090
Kansas	2,904,888	10,087,220
Montana	5,166,578	....
Wyoming	3,469,223	....
Colorado	3,684,600	857,149
Nevada	3,901,866	1,087,044
Idaho	2,996,978	....
Washington	2,377,955	....
Oregon	3,373,155	1,806,624
California	5,545,955	3,316,396
Total	43,909,555	$32,622,443
Grand Total	56,084,211	$86,608,613

The four remaining Territories are now clamoring for admission as States—naturally prompted, to some extent, by the prospective land grants. From precedents established, these Territories, when admitted as States, may expect as reservations for school purposes one-eighteenth of their respective areas, as follows:

Arizona	4,014,933	acres.
New Mexico	4,354,133	"
Utah	2,953,813	"
Oklahoma	1,380,622	"
Total	12,703,501	"

Which amount, added to previous grants, makes 68,787,712 acres of the public domain appropriated to public common-school purposes, or an area equivalent to that of the States of Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey combined.

It will be noticed that no public lands have ever been granted for common-school purposes to any of the thirteen original States, or to Kentucky and Vermont of the admitted States. There remain, however, of vacant public lands yet to come into the market, exclusive of those in Alaska, about 571,000,000 acres, which, in the opinion of competent judges, have an average value of $1 25 per acre; and it is not too late for the States which have heretofore been the beneficiaries of the government in the distribution of public lands to join their political forces and give the old States a share of the proceeds of the undistributed estate. Especially grateful would be the receipt of such a favor to several of the States yet suffering from the devastation of civil war, and which have in their midst a great number of the colored race sadly needing educational advantages, which the States, with their limited resources, are hardly able to grant.

Of the cash value of these lands granted or reserved for public school purposes and unsold, no estimate is given by the State officials. Owing to the recent admission of the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and Washington to the Union, no fund had been created in 1890 from the sales of their respective school lands, but in time the fund will be of immense value. The public officials of Minnesota estimate that the lands granted that State will yield, when their sale is completed, $20,000,000, and as this would require a rate per acre of less than $8, the estimate would not seem to be too high.

In Tennessee and Mississippi the proceeds of the sale of the school lands have been lost, but the State makes good to the fund by appropriations from the general revenue the income which would otherwise accrue. The funds generally, however, have been successfully managed, and the principal in hardly any case has been diminished by unfortunate investments or been used for current school expenses. In most of the States certain fines, penalties, and licenses are turned into the fund, and in a few cases the principal may have been slightly increased from these sources, but usually when by law such receipts are turned into the fund their amount at once is distributed for current expenditures.

The total funds as invested yield probably not less than $5,000,000 per annum, and when the remaining acres have been sold and proceeds invested, the income therefrom can hardly be less than double that amount—it may be far greater—and in any event it will relieve the fortunate recipients from a goodly portion of their school taxes.

The State of Texas also has devoted a large share of its domain to school purposes. By the act admitting that State to the Union the control of the vacant lands within its limits was left to the State itself, and by the terms of its Constitution, adopted in 1876, every alternate section of the railroad grants then or thereafter made and one-half of the remaining public domain were reserved for common-school purposes. Owing to the extent and general good quality of the public lands in that State, the fund, if well managed, must eventually become of unprecedented value.

The State of Connecticut also has a school fund derived from the sales of public lands, but the lands were not obtained as a gift from the general government, but in satisfaction of a claim made by the State under its charter to a strip of land extending from Narragansett Bay on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west, taking in parts of Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. This strip was but seventy miles in width, but extended in length through forty-four degrees of longitude, or about one-eighth of the distance around the earth, lying across the new continent like the afternoon shadow of a lightning-rod. The claim of this State was generally resisted by the other colonies, but the settlers on the Susquehanna, though their lands were clearly within the grant to William Penn, acknowledged the sovereignty of Connecticut, paid to that State their taxes, and sent their representatives to its Legislature. By arbitration, however, Connecticut was compelled to give up its claim to lands within the limits of other grants, and eventually ceded to the continental government its claim for any lands 120 miles west of Pennsylvania. This cession left the State in unquestioned possession of a tract 70 by 120 miles in what is now the State of Ohio. In 1795 the State sold these lands, which were known as the Western Reserve, for $1,200,000, and devoted the proceeds to a permanent school fund. Part of the income was permitted to accumulate until 1849, when the fund reached $2,000,000, at about which point it has since remained.

Of the funds for public school purposes derived from other sources, the so-called "Surplus Revenue" is of no little importance. In 1836 the public Teasury had a balance of nearly $40,000,000, and Congress authorized its deposit with the several States. In all $28,101,645 was distributed before the receipts fell off and the Treasury became crippled. Every State used its share as deemed best, many of them creating therefrom a permanent public school fund, only the income of which should be applied to school purposes.

The State of New York received from this distribution $4,014,521 as its share, and has ever since managed the fund by its own officers for public common-school purposes with great prudence and success, obtaining an income therefrom of nearly $200,000 per annum, and in 1890 held the principal intact and invested in good securities. Illinois, which received $335,592, has also appropriated its income for like purposes, and has successfully managed the fund through its own officers, without any loss to the principal; and the same may be said of the State of Missouri, which received as its share $382,335. The share received by Kentucky, $378,947, was appropriated to school purposes, but has been lost. The amount has been assumed by the State, however, which pays to the school fund every year interest on that amount from its general revenues. Throughout New England and in some of the other States the amount received was turned over by the State to the towns and cities, upon the condition that the municipality receiving a share should appropriate from its general revenues each year an amount for public common schools equivalent to the interest on the deposit at a fixed per cent. Traces of these deposits are still found here and there in school and municipal reports, but the principal of the fund seems generally to be lost to sight, especially in the New England States, and its amount cannot be stated.

Of the donations received for the benefit of public schools the earliest reported are found in the "Local Fund," held by municipalities in the State of Connecticut, amounting in 1890 to $282,451. Of this, the city of New Haven then held invested in real estate $35,000, given it by Governor Edward Hopkins in 1657. The city of Hartford held well invested in bonds and notes $45,000, also left by the same Governor, and presumably at the same time. New London had $3200 left it by Robert Bartlett in 1673, and several of the towns held considerable amounts, the origin of which cannot now be traced. About $175,000 of the total is held, however, for the benefit of secondary schools. In many of the States funds have been created not only by donations of private individuals, but by the receipts accruing to the State from fines, penalties, forfeitures, sales of estrays, dog taxes, liquor licenses, wholly or in part, until the fund has become the source of considerable income. The permanent common school fund of the State of Missouri has received also $1,500,000, amount reimbursed to the State by the general government on account of expenses incurred in organizing and equipping troops at the outbreak of the civil war.

The grants of public domain above reported are not, however, all that have been made for educational purposes. To every one of the States receiving grants for use of public common-schools there have been given two or more townships for the creation and support of a university or other educational institution for secondary education, and to several of the States additional special grants, in some cases as high as 400,000 acres, for like purposes.

To the several States in the Union there was also granted by the act of July 2, 1862, an amount of public land equal to 30,000 acres for each Senator and member of Congress under the apportionment of 1860, or scrip representing that amount, the income of the fund arising from the proceeds of the sale thereof to be applied to the endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college in every State where should be taught branches of learning related to agriculture and the mechanic arts. States since admitted to the Union have also received the benefit of this distribution. The State receiving this grant is responsible for the principal of the fund created therefrom, and for five per cent. interest thereon per annum. Several of the States have applied the proceeds of the grant to the liquidation of their own indebtedness, and by law appropriated five per cent. on the amount received for the use of the college designated to receive the benefit of the endowment. In such cases the obligation is merged with others, and the amount realized from the grant may or may not appear in the published reports.

The following statement shows the number of acres to which the States named were entitled under this apportionment, and the amount of the fund created therefrom in 1890, as far as such information can be gathered from published reports:

State.	Number of Acres.	Amount of Funds, 1890.
Alabama	240,000	$253,074
Colorado	90,000	15,112
Connecticut	180,000	135,000
Delaware	90,000	83,000
Florida	90,000	155,838
Illinois	480,000	540,820
Iowa	240,000	291,165
Kansas	90,000	497,286
Kentucky	330,000	165,000
Louisiana	210,000	182,315
Massachusetts	360,000	360,067
Michigan	240,000	373,611
Mississippi	210,000	227,150
Nebraska	90,000	51,814
New Hampshire	150,000	80,000
New Jersey	210,000	116,000
New York	990,000	473,403*
Oregon	90,000	119,132
Pennsylvania	780,000	517,000
South Carolina	210,000	191,800
Texas	180,000	208,737
Vermont	150,000	135,500
Virginia	450,000	343,312
Wisconsin	300,000	301,804

* In part. See text below.

As the scrip was issued to most of the States at the same time, so much came into the market that its value was greatly depressed. The States were, however, in need of funds, and much of it seems to have been sold at a sacrifice. The amount of $473,403 reported as the fund for New York represents only the amount held by the State in 1890. At the outset the price of the scrip was fixed by the officers of that State at 85 cents per acre, at which rate 475 pieces were sold, netting $64,440. Subsequently this amount was increased by the sale of about 100,000 acres more, netting $408,963, averaging $4 09 per acre, and making the total reported. Some question as to the application of the income from the fund arose, there being a considerable disposition to distribute it among several colleges. To keep the fund together, Mr. Ezra Cornell, a prominent and wealthy citizen of the State, offered to endow a university absolutely with $500,000 from his own means if the fund arising from the sale of the remaining scrip were turned over for the use of the same institution. This proposition was accepted by the State in April, 1866, but at the same time the scrip was authorized to be sold to any one who would pay 30 cents an acre for it. Mr. Cornell was, however, to have any scrip undisposed of at the same rate, but to account to the State for any amount he might receive in excess thereof. He promptly located the scrip received by him largely in the pineries of Wisconsin, which have since greatly increased in value, and there had been received from the sale of these lands in 1890 more than $4,000,000, and there was a large amount of timber and land undisposed of. The fund arising from the proceeds of the land thus sold is held and managed by the university bearing his name, and is in addition to the fund reported held by the State. Had the scrip been disposed of as contemplated by the State it would have yielded less than $350,000. Through its fortunate location, however, Cornell University will become one of the best-endowed educational institutions in this or any other country.

Kansas obtained for its scrip about $5 50 per acre, but very few of the States netted therefor more than $1 per acre.

This grant of public lands is the only one made by Congress in which all the States of the Union had their relative share.

There may be other funds held by municipalities or school districts for the benefit of public common schools, but if so they are not reported in any local school or financial report. Of the funds held for the benefit of secondary schools, colleges, and universities derived from private donations no account is taken in the above statement.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOWARDS THE DEEPS.

THE summer rolled heavily along, bringing strange new experiences to Matt Strang, and strange glimpses of other art worlds than Herbert's. For he did not starve, though Herbert had gone quite out of his life, and he had none with whom to exchange the thoughts of youth.

Two pounds ten shillings lent on his dress suit staved off hunger and his tailor (who got the pounds) till by the aid of the landlady's son's book he found out how to tint photographs, and earned sixpences and shillings by coloring cartes-de-visite and cabinets for cheap touting photographers, censoriously critical, and given to refusing the work of hours. By-and-by *The Christian Home* took him to its hearth, situate at the summit of a cobwebbed ramshackle staircase in Bolt Court, and paid him seven and sixpence for a half-page illustration of an unworldly serial. "Pay-day" was a delightful weekly emotion, the staff adjourning to a public-house in Fleet Street to drink one another's health and their own damnation. Matt was forced to join them because Dick Gattel, the puffy-faced author of the spiritual romance he was illustrating ("A Godly Atonement") insisted on standing treat, declaring with odd oaths that he'd never been so well interpreted before by any blooming paper-smudger. He also initiated Matt into the secrets of his craft, summing up in a formula the experience of a quarter of a century of story-writing. "Emotion for the penny papers, excitement for the halfpenny, self-sacrifice for the religious." Strange impecunious beings gathered in this public-house or outside it, uncouth, unclean, unshaven; many had drifted down from society, from the universities, from the army, from the navy, with reserve forces from India and America, the flotsam of life's wreckage, and they consoled themselves by babbling of the seamy side of the successful, rolling under their tongues the money these others were making, and parading a confident familiarity with their doings and their pass-books. Matt shuddered at the thought that he might one day become even as these—the damned-before-death. There was another artist on the staff, a thick-set German whose wife was wont to waylay him on "pay-day," and who always wrote on professional paper girdled with his own designs in proof of his prowess, and expressive of his willingness to undertake wash drawings, line drawings, color-work, or lithography, at reasonable rates and with prompt deliveries.

Through this German, who was good-natured after his second glass, Matt procured extra employment in a comic-picture factory managed by a solemn snuffy Scotchman, who selected from old comic papers the jokes that were to be illustrated by his "hands," and signing the sketches with his own name, peddled them in the offices of new comic papers. Matt was paid half a crown per sketch, and his employer from four to five shillings, but when the young man tried to send original jokes and sketches direct to these papers, he got only the same two and sixpence for the few things they accepted. One editor, whose pages bristled with ballet girls, took the trouble to explain to him that the presence of a clergyman in a sketch was a disqualification, as any attack on the church would be distasteful to his public. From another, the *Merry Miracle*, whose editor was a philanthropist, a member of the school board, and a candidate for Parliament, he received a prospectus instructing him to eschew cross-hatching, solid black, line-work, and society figures in favor of rough-and-tumble farce in bold outline. The more sober of the comic papers had settled staffs and settled jokes, and new-comers were not welcomed. Matt's redemption from comic journalism was partly due to the prosperity of the proprietor of the comic-picture factory, who started a serious art department, where Matt found less uncongenial work in painting figures into the landscapes of his less competent fellow-workmen. This gradually opened up to his astonished eyes a new section of the trade. He saw one of these landscapes near King's Cross, resplendent in a gorgeous gold frame, and marked, "Original Oil-Painting—Two Guineas Only," and he perceived that he had been flying too high in his early attempts to approach dealers of the type of Drücker. Henceforwards he haunted furniture-dealers, picture-frame-makers, and artists' colormen, and thus he occasionally obtained half a sovereign to despatch to his tailor. His drawings in *The Christian Home* attracted the attention of the editor of *The Working-Man*, and Matt was commissioned to accompany a journalist through the East End to expose the evils of sweating. *The Working-Man* was owned by a syndicate, and Matt had to settle terms with the manager, a truculent gentleman with a double chin and a double watch-chain, who agreed to give him five shillings a sketch. Matt did several sketches for each article, and the pathetic series caused a great stir and much correspondence, but at the end of the month, when poor Matt, who had already nearly starved himself for his tailor's sake, was expecting a goodly check to send to Abner Preep, he received only a quarter of what he had bargained for. He went to the editor, who referred him to the manager, who insisted the terms were five shillings for the illustration of a single article. "You must remember, too, what a lift we are giving you," concluded the manager, his double watch-chain heaving pompously on his abdomen. "It is not every young man who gets such a chance of showing what he can do."

"You're a set of damned scoundrels," cried Matt, with an access of ancient rage, and had wellnigh torn up the check and thrown it in the manager's face, when his later chastened self plucked at his coat tails and bade him begone with it.

It was not a happy time for Matt, this period of spiritless work by day and spiritless study by night, his soul chafing alike against the degradations of life and the routine of school. For what an actuality had he exchanged his dreams? Yet he had no option; the tailor must be paid, his family must be helped, and to these two ends he himself must exist. But the friction of ideals and realities left him irritable and high-strung, and even when, towards the autumn, he won his way into the *Ladies' Weekly*, at a guinea an illustration, he lost the work by not concealing his contempt for the art editor, a pragmatic person absolutely dead to art, but excessively finical about the drawings, which he refused whenever there was time for alterations.

"This is feeble, but we're pressed for time," was his encouraging apology to the artist for accepting his work, "and I'll put it into the hands of a competent engraver." His first self-revelation to Matt was his complaint about some rough shadows on the borders of a sketch: "I wish you would bear in mind, Mr. Strang, that we have to pay as much per inch for the reproduction of those blotches as for the most finished work." But it was not till the Old Lady (as the other artists called the art editor of the *Ladies' Weekly* behind his back) had insisted on his dressing his figures better that Matt lost control of his tongue, and retorted, "I draw pictures, not fashion plates." In after-remorse Matt replaced the lost work by returning to his photo-tinting, though he now obtained more important work on enlarged photographs, which he colored in oil at three and six apiece, managing to do two or three a day while the light held, without interfering with his black and white, which could be done at night; by which means he scraped together enough to pay off the tailor in full and to send his promised contribution home, together with seven fourpenny halfpenny "Notable Novels" to reconcile Billy to his narrow existence. And then, with these burdens thrown off, his idealism resurged again, for beneath the placid everyday exterior of this homely young man, who trudged up foul staircases, portfolio under arm, or danced attendance on smug *h*-less photographers smoking twopenny cigars, a volcanic fire burnt, and the thought of his precious youth spent in this inartistic art-drudgery, under the yoke of vulgar souls, was a dull haunting torment. His early self-distrust vanished under the pressure of obstacles, and the measure of his aversion from joyless commercial art became to him the measure of his genius. One gray windy forenoon of late autumn he had stopped to take a mental sketch of a strangely attired woman, who was listening to a Salvation Army exhortation—a woman who was a dab of color upon the dreary day. Below an enormous white hat with a recumbent ostrich feather and a broad brim with an upward slant, tied under the chin with black bands, shone through a black veil a glorious oval-shaped dark face with flashing eyes, full red lips, large shapely ears, and raven hair curling low over the forehead. She wore a black half-masculine jacket, with big mother-of-pearl buttons, and a yellow bow that was awry, and by a shapely hand cased in a white glove with three black stripes she held the skirts of a slaty gown clear of the mud.

While Matt was whimsically wondering what the editor of *The Christian Home* would say to a sketch of her in his staid organ, he instinctively noted other romantic touches about the scene, ineffably grimy though the roadway was, flanked on one side by a coal-office with a blear-eyed old man at the window, and on the other by a canal running lengthwise. There were fresh country faces among the girl soldiers, and among the men was an ex-heathen in a turban, a flaring Paisley shawl, flowing robes, and sandals, bearing aloft a red flag with a blue border and a central yellow star, around which ran the words "Blood and fire." The whole scene passed insensibly into his mind as into a camera, to be developed at will—the grotesque snaggle-toothed hags in the crowd, the collarless men with the air of being connected with the canal, one of them with a Mephistophelian red tuft on his chin; the ice-cream stall at the corner, where a postman, a baby, and an urchin with his collar up against the cold were licking green glasses. And then a buxom work-girl with a tambourine began to hold forth, pouring out breathless sentences all running into one another, clutching her inspiration tight lest it should escape her, and repeating herself endlessly rather than pause for a moment.

"Only the blood of Christ can save, only the blood of Christ has saved, only the blood of Christ will save."

And her fellow-soldiers, quivering with unction, punctuated her shapeless periods with soul-wrung ejaculations.

"Ah, yes!"

"Bless her!"

"Glory to God!"

"You may try earthly pleasures you may go to the theaytre," she gasped, "but it brings no peace nothing brings peace but the Rock but the Lamb—"

"Hallelujah!"

"But the oldest of all religions proved over and over again Christianity tried in the furnace any day you may die no one knows the end now's the time don't put it off come are you prepared once I had bad companions—"

"A-a-ah," groaned a melodramatic brother with folded arms.

"—but I gave them up—"

"Glory!" in a great sob of relief from all the palpitating figures.

Matt began to forget the visual aspects of the scene; the infectious emotion of the girl and her comrades gained upon him. What she was saying left no dint on his mind—to her dogmas he was become indifferent. But her earnestness thrilled him, her impassioned ignorance flashed upon him a clearer sense of baseness, hollowness, insincere falling away from the ideals that had sailed with him to England, glorifying the noisome steerage. Turning his head he saw tears rolling down the dark passionate face of his dashing neighber, and he hurried away, shaken and troubled, pursued by the cacophonous melody into which the street congregation had broken.

What was the point of his life? What had he become?

At Grainger's there were fellows who looked to art as an escape from some worse-paid calling. That was not, had never been, his idea. To him art was an end in itself; he was of those who live to paint, not paint to live. Even in his boyish days, when the vendibility of pictures first came within his ken, the money had always seemed to him a pleasant by-product, not a motive. And now, instead of pouring out on canvas all that effervescence of youthful poetry that overwhelmed his soul, he was coloring photographs and illustrating foolish stories for foolish editors in contravention of all his own ideas of what illustrations should be. Why, even in Nova Scotia he had painted from the life; in his lowest days he had decorated furniture at his own pleasure. Oh, it was sordid, unworthy, humiliating. He would give it all up; if he could not pursue art, at least he would not degrade it. Thanks to his Nova-Scotian training, his good right hand could do more than wield the brush. Better to earn his bread and water by some honest craft till such time as honest art came within his means. Better an honest artisan than a dishonest artist. And while he was still hot with the impulse he looked through the advertisement columns of the *Clerkenwell Chronicle*, and answered three demands, one for a "joiner," another for a "sugar-boiler," and the third for a "harness-cleaner."

The sugar-boiling firm alone answered, and he was asked to call. He stated that he had had considerable experience of the manufacture in Nova Scotia, but a brief conversation convinced the manager that the applicant knew nothing of scientific sugar-boiling with its elaborate engines and differentiation of labor; but Matt's sober respectable appearance and his conviction of his capacity stood him in good stead, and he was given a fortnight's trial at eighteen shillings a week, with the prospect of raising to forty. In his confidence of mastering the easy detail, and to clinch his resolution, he wrote to his art patrons, throwing up his position in each establishment with due form and superfluous sarcasm, and one happy morning, soon after sunrise, repaired to the factory with a more buoyant tread than had been his since the memorable day when he crossed the great bridge which led to the heart of all the splendors. The fortnight's end found him psychically seared and physically scalded. The depressing society of the British working-man, the ever-present contrast of the blank building with the free forest in which he had made sugar in his boyhood (how happy his boyhood seemed now!), and the overflowing contents of the seething boilers demonstrated to him daily that he had made a mistake. He might have staid on nevertheless, but the dread that an accidental scald on the hand might permanently injure his power with the brush made the trial fortnight his last. He scanned the advertisement columns again, with no suspicion of what now awaited him.

He had been misled by the comparative facility with which he had found work hitherto; he was now destined to experience—more poignantly than ever before—the long-drawn agony of unemployment, the sickness of hope deferred, to bruise himself against the ruthless indifference of an overstaffed nation, to see and hear the blind deaf forces of the social machine grind out happiness for all but him. At first he did not mind getting no replies, except for the waste of stamps, for he took feverish advantage of the hours of daylight thus left free for art. But as day followed day, and week followed week, the perturbation of his soul and the weakness of his body, enfeebled by hunger and cold, made painting difficult. Broken in health and pride, he applied again for his old work, prepared even to tint cartes-de-visite. But his place had been filled up. The stream of human life had flowed on as if he had never been. The work he had got was the only work in London open to a man in his position, and this work he had thrown away. One of the papers he had so imprudently quarrelled with was willing to take him on again, but at half the price. Subdued as he was, a pride he afterwards felt to have been insane spurred him to refuse. He fancied he could get such terms at a score of other papers; he had yet to learn the world went very well without him, that it had no need for him either as an artist or artisan, craftsman or clerk, that every hole had its peg, round or square, and that he was of no more account in the surging life of London than the fallen leaves blown about the bleak squares.

He earned a few odd shillings now and then for his pictures by persuading some small skinflint dealer to cheat him; and that was all. Once he was cruelly tantalized—a five-pound commission to copy a National Gallery picture was dangled before him, only to be withdrawn. He parted with all but the barest necessities—with his fashionable morning suit, with his pistol, with the Gregson boots; his only luxury was the engraving of the "Angelus," which he retained because nobody offered more than eighteen pence for it. The bulk of the money thus raised was remitted to Abner Preep, as promised, the rest went to pay Mrs. Lipchild. Himself he so stinted that often when he went to Grainger's (which he had fortunately prepaid) he took care to arrive first, not only because of the warmth, but because the girl students, whose class preceded his, left stale crusts lying about, whose crumb had been used upon their charcoal drawings. To such straits may a man sink in a few weeks, though he sinks slowly, for each week is a year to him. But outwardly he preserved dignity, brushing his one suit scrupulously, and glad that, owing to his interlude of fashionable tailoring, it was still in good condition; for the vision of the lost mortals was ever before his eyes, and he foresaw that without a decent appearance he would not be able to grasp an opportunity even when it came, but would be driven down to the deeps to join the damned souls outside that Fleet Street public-house, within which the happier staff of *The Christian Home* ushered in the Sabbath with beer.

And the more London refused him the more his consciousness of power grew. As he tramped the teeming streets in quest of a job or a customer, a thousand ideas for great pictures jostled in his sick brain, a thousand fine imaginings took form and shape in beautiful color harmonies and majestic groupings. Great God! what did he ask? Not the voluptuous round of the young men whose elegant silhouettes sometimes stood out against the black silent night from the warm lighted windows of great houses athrob with joyous music, and filled him with a mad bitterness; not the soft rose-leaf languors of the beautiful white women who passed in shimmering silks and laces from gleaming spick-and-span carriages under canvas awnings over purple carpets amid spruce obsequious footmen; not the selfish joys of these radiant shadows dancing their way to dusty oblivion, to be trodden under foot by the generations over whom he would shine as a star, serene, immortal; but bread and water, and a little money for models and properties, and a top light straight in touch with heaven, and a few pounds to send home to his kith and kin; but to paint, to paint, to joy in conception and to glory in difficult execution, to express the poetry of the ideal through real flesh and real shadows and real foliage, and find a rapturous agony in the search for perfection; to paint, to paint, to exult fiercely in the passing of faces, with their pathos and their tragedy; to catch a smile in a child's face and the grace of a girl's movement and the passion in the eyes of a woman; to watch the sunrise consecrating tiles and chimneys, or the river mirroring a thousand night-lights glide on, glorifying its own uncleanness; to express the intense stimulus of the wonderful city, resonant with the tireless tread of millions of feet, vibrant with the swirl of perpetual currents of traffic, pulsating with the rough music of humanity—roaring markets, shrilling trains, panting steamships; to record in pigment not only the romance of his dreams or the glamour of the dead past, but the poetry of the quick—the rich full life of the town, the restless day and the feverish night, with its mysterious perspectives of fitful gleams; to paint, to paint—anything, everything—for the joy of eternalizing the beauty that lurked everywhere—in the twinkle of a sunlit puddle,

*Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 710.]

1. Arched Rock. 2. A Bit of the City. 3. In Phelan Park. 4. The Beach. 5. Giant Redwood near Santa Cruz. 6. Resting-Place for Sea-Birds. 7. The Cliffs.

BICYCLING ON THE RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 710.]

in the starry heaven, in the motions of barefoot children dancing to a barrel-organ, in the scarlet passing of soldiers, in the play of light on the fish in a huckster's barrow, in the shadowy aisles of city churches throbbing with organ diapasons.

Oh, the joy of life! Oh, the joy of art that expressed the joy of life!

Yes, but in the absence of a few bits of metal, neither joy, nor art, nor even life could be his; he must die, be swept off from among the roaring crowds of which he was an unnoticed unit, and no one would ever know what mighty things he had dreamed and suffered in his little span of years. Every supper eaten by radiant couples at richly lit restaurants would have nourished him for weeks, nor did it diminish the bitter socialistic sentiment this reflection caused him to remember he himself had fared as wantonly once and again. At least he had earned his money: what gave those young men with the vacant faces, those women with the improbable complexions, the right to all the good things at the table of life? Even Herbert was splashed by this wave of bitterness—Herbert the brilliant, with his battalion of boots! Ah, poor little Billy was right! It was impossible to believe in anything, to see any justice in life.

And was it worth while going on? The thought presented itself again and again, especially in those November days when London was as dark as his own soul, and it made him half sorry, half glad, that a grim Providence had sent his pistol to the pawn-shop. He was walking to Grainger's one evening in such a double darkness of without and within when the memory came to him of a newspaper paragraph concerning people who had wandered into the river, and, hypnotized by the idea, he bent his steps towards the docks, with a vague intention of giving death a chance. What did it matter what became of his brothers and sisters? It were better that they were dead too. In any case he could not help them any more; he had just scraped together the usual remittance, but he could not see where the next was to come from. But his semi-somnambulistic motion did not bear him towards the water-side; in the gray obscurity he erred endlessly in strange ghostly squares, whose chill iron-railed enclosures loomed like cemeteries through the sepulchral air. London smelt like a boiled sponge; the raw air reeked with sulphurous grime as if the chimneys of hell had been swept. It was not an inviting world to remain in. A gigantic brown head of a horse suddenly shot past his. He jumped back, but a shadowy wheel caught him in the pit of his stomach and hurled him five yards off, where he fell on his back, just seeing the hansom swallowed up again by the gray sea. He got up, feeling dazed and indignant rather than hurt, and staggered along in purposeless pursuit of the vanished cab. He found himself in a business street, where the illumined shop fronts thinned the fog. A familiar face, with a strange green light upon it from a chemist's window, burst upon him as unexpectedly as the horse. It was Tarmigan's. He studied it abstractedly for a moment in its greenish pallor with its deep furrows, seeming to read clearly a weariness and heart-sickness akin to his own, and struck for the first time by the shabbiness and flaccidity of the figure. Then the face took a more joyous expression than he had ever seen in it, and he heard Tarmigan saying:

"Hullo, Strang! Are you lost too?"

"Yes, sir—at least I don't quite know, sir," he replied, awaking like one from a dream.

"You're usually at Grainger's at this hour. I'm on my way there. If you are going to-night, we had better keep together."

"Thank you, sir," said Matt.

He discovered their whereabouts, and began to pilot his master with a sense of lofty responsibility. But they walked in silence, mutually embarrassed.

Tarmigan coughed lengthily.

"Ought you to be out on a night like this, sir?" Matt ventured to say.

"Duty, my boy—duty," rejoined Tarmigan, gruffly.

"But you are not bound to go, are you, sir?" Matt remonstrated, remembering that Tarmigan's services were a voluntary sacrifice at the shrine of art.

"I am not forced by an outsider, if that's what you mean," said Tarmigan. "But that wouldn't be duty; that would be necessity—at least, in my definition."

"Then duty is only what you feel you ought to do," said Matt.

"Decidedly. Any man who knows what true art is is bound to hand it down to the next generation. Especially in an age when there is so much false doctrine in the air."

"But can't each generation find out its own art?" Matt asked, timidly.

"Can each generation find out its own science?" Tarmigan retorted, sharply. "In all things there is a great human tradition, and the torch is handed down from generation to generation. Otherwise we should be in a nice fog," he added, grimly, and coughed again. "And a nice fog the young men are in who reject the light of the past, with their azure art and their violet nonsense and their slapdash shadows."

"But they seem to be gaining the public ear!" Matt murmured, liking neither to contradict his senior nor to agree with him.

"The public ear!" Tarmigan laughed scornfully. "Yes, they gain that. But not the public eye, thank God! They can still tell slipshod botchery from honest, faithful work."

"But Cornpepper is in the Academy this year," Matt reminded him.

"Yes; the Academy lets itself be outbawled," said Tarmigan, sharply. "I wish I were a member."

"I wish you were," said Matt, fervently.

Tarmigan coughed. "I didn't mean what you mean," he said, gruffly.

"Oh, but they ought to elect you, sir!" said Matt, rushing in on delicate ground in his enthusiasm for the man's character. "Everybody says so."

"Who's everybody?" Tarmigan inquired, bitterly. "Society doesn't say so, for I don't go to its drawing-rooms; the R.A.'s don't say so, for I'm unknown to their wives. But I am unjust. Let us drop the subject. After all, a man's work stands, even if he is passed over in his lifetime."

Matt felt a sharp pang of sympathy for this strong, stern man sustained by the false dream of immortality. He could not conceive that posterity would care a rap for Tarmigan's cold classic pictures. Indeed, now that he had assimilated all that was good in Tarmigan's teaching, he only went to the studio for the sake of the model and the practice. Emotion and embarrassment kept him silent.

"Do you live with your people?" Tarmigan asked presently in an interested tone.

"No," said Matt; "they are in America."

"Oh, ah, yes; so you told me. "You're not married?"

"No."

"Nor engaged, I hope?"

"No," said Matt, wonderingly.

"That's right. No artist should marry. His wife is sure to drag him down to sacrifice his art to her pleasures and wants. Fine feathers and fine houses are ruining English art. I warn you of this, because you have the makings of an artist if you work hard."

"You are very kind, sir," said Matt, touched.

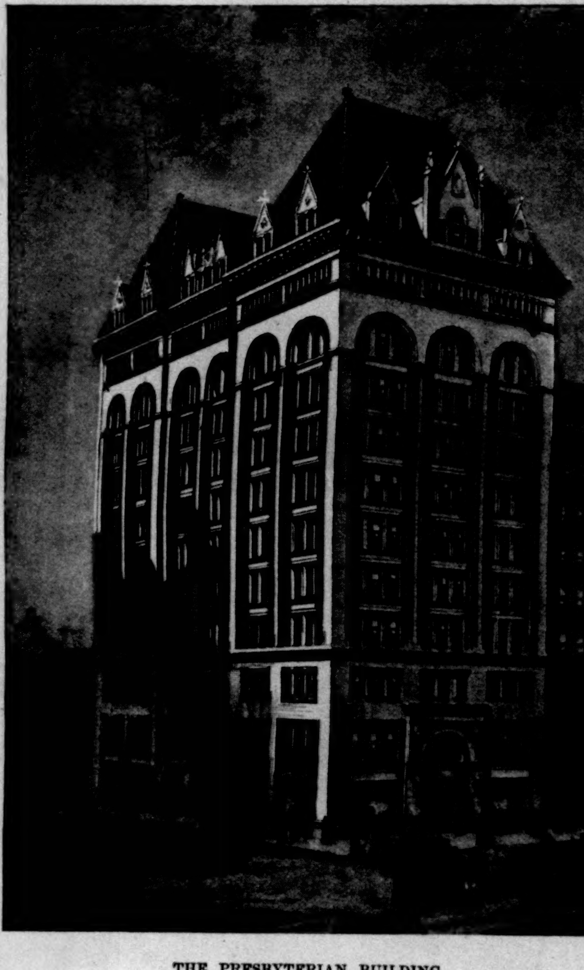
"Not at all. You have a fine natural talent, still undisciplined. So long as you keep yourself free from matrimonial complications you may hope to achieve something. A single man can live on bread and water. I am heartily glad to hear you have nobody to keep but yourself."

Matt smiled grimly under the imagined cover of the fog.

"Ah, I know what you're smiling at," said Tarmigan, more genially than he had yet spoken. "You're wondering whether the preacher is a bachelor. Well, I am proud to say I am."

Their talk fell to a lower level. Matt casually expressed an ardent wish to see sundry R.A.'s, especially the President. He had only come across the second-rate painters or the young men. Tarmigan promised to get him a ticket for the prize distribution of the Academy schools next month, when he would see most of them. The suggestion of suicide slunk into the rear; the spectacle of the Academicians was something to live for. Then the old man and the young relapsed into silent thoughts of their art, projecting visions of ideal beauty on the background of yellow grimy vapor that shrouded the great dreary city. But when Matt sat down to paint that night he found himself incapacitated, a mass of aches and bruises.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE PRESBYTERIAN BUILDING.
Northwest Corner of 20th Street and 5th Avenue.—Rowe & Baker, Architects.—[See Page 711.]

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

Santa Cruz, one of the beautiful watering-places of California, is located about ninety miles south from San Francisco, and is accessible by rail and sea. Here the famous Bay of Monterey makes a crescent, with the groves of the Hotel del Monte at one end and the city of Santa Cruz at the other; but Santa Cruz perhaps has the greater number of natural attractions.

Leaving San Francisco by rail in the afternoon, you pass through the wonderfully productive Santa Clara Valley, where is situated the city of San José, embowered in its orchards of apricots, prunes, peaches, and cherries, now wealthy with the promise of a golden harvest. Then pressing southward, the road rises to a considerable altitude, and passes over the range of Santa Cruz Mountains. In the deep cañons, where the train follows the shelves of the mountain-sides, you traverse some of the most fascinating mountain scenery in California. The slopes on either side are heavily timbered with redwood, and the wild streams leap out from hidden crevices.

Within a few miles of your destination the train passes through a grove of giant trees, some of which rise three hundred feet in height and are sixty feet in circumference. In their presence the train looks like a toy, and its whistle sounds like the piping of courage-making bravado. In this grove General (then Captain) Fremont in 1846 camped in a tree which had been hollowed out by fire. This tree, which is still living, now affords a spacious room, about sixteen by twenty feet, and thirty feet high. Through all this region there is excellent fishing and shooting, while in the deep sea and off the rock-bound coast, but a few miles distant, you find, in addition to rock-cod, perch, and barracuda, the gamy salmon in abundance, for which the sportsman trolls during the salmon runs, which are quite frequent. The cliffs overlooking the sea excel those of Newport in bold and rugged effects, while castellated rocks and natural bridges present unique features in coast scenery.

The beach affords the best surf-bathing on the California sea-line, excepting perhaps at Santa Monica. It is warm, and sheltered from the sea by the deep inlet of the bay and the headlands which rise boldly as a barrier against the trade-winds which prevail during a part of the year. The San Lorenzo River, gathering its water from the mountain streams, debouches into the sea within the town limits of Santa Cruz, and yields considerable pleasure to those who are fond of boating and fresh-water bathing.

The topography of the country is charming by reason of its great diversity. The wooded mountain, Loma Prieta, in full view, rises some 4000 feet above the sea. In valley and cañon and on the *mesas* and the mountains there is a surprising variety of views, even without the charm of the ever-changing sea, without parallel even in this favored State.

The season here is from May to November, when large numbers of San Franciscans and people from the superheated interior valleys visit the shore, making the beach gay with life and color, while during the winter Eastern tourists find in its mild and yet exhilarating climate a haven of delight.

Santa Cruz is one of the garden spots selected by the mission fathers, whose rare discrimination is proverbial in California; for here, in 1794, just one hundred years ago in May, they completed and dedicated their mission church. The town of Santa Cruz is beautifully laid out with broad, well-paved streets, and contains a population of about 6000, whose resources are not only in the tourist travel, but in lumber, lime, bituminous rock, and fisheries. If Longfellow had first seen Santa Cruz, as he once viewed Amalfi on the Tyrrhenian Sea, he might have reserved his praise for his own continent, and perhaps have sung the fame and grace of the stately redwood-trees of Santa Cruz, and of the waves and mountains that meet here on our California coast.

James D. Phelan.

BICYCLE-RIDING ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

Bicycle-riding is fast becoming almost as popular in New York as it is in Paris, and there it might justly be termed a craze. The French men and women have taken up the "bicyclette" with that unbounded enthusiasm which characterizes the Gallic temperament, until now there are to be seen almost as many bicycle-riders in the Bois de Boulogne as there are pedestrians. A French writer recently said that in some future time historians would doubtless write of the Parisians as a race half man, half wheels, just as the centaurs were considered by the ancients to have been half man and half horse.

Perhaps one of the reasons why the "bicyclette" became so popular in Paris is because women could ride upon it, and because they soon discovered the wide field it offered for striking and becoming costumes. The machine offered all the scenic advantages of the bathing-suit, without the enveloping element of water and waves. Consequently some of the most picturesque of costumes were evolved from the fertile minds of the Paris modistes, and their appearance in the byways of the Bois added one more attractive element to that park.

In America women have been as slow to adopt the picturesque bicycle costume as they were to adapt the wheel to their usage. At first they left it to the men to ride around the country roads and enjoy this best of exercise, but after a while they realized that women might just as well do likewise. A modern skirt, however, is inconvenient for a bicyclist. Yet woman clung to her skirt long after she looked with favor upon the bicycle. Now, however, so much progress has been made along the path of common-sense that every day one may see on Riverside Drive, or on the Boulevard, or even in Central Park, many women wearing regulation bicycling costumes, with baggy trousers, leggings, and Alpine hats. This dress is certainly more becoming to most women than a clumsy skirt which keeps getting tangled in the spokes. There is nothing unfeminine about it either, any more than there is about a woman's bathing-dress. Both have been constructed for certain purposes, and should be used for those purposes.

Riverside Drive has become the paradise of bicyclists in New York. The roads are good and hard, and the view from one end of the park to the other is one of the most beautiful to be obtained in the city. Every day hundreds of riders, men and women, may be seen pedalling along the broad and smooth driveways, chatting with one another, and enjoying every bit of the fun they are getting out of their exercise. At night there are usually more riders to be seen than in the daytime, for the men who have been in their offices all day take their wheels up to Riverside after supper, and trundle along with one another or with their sweethearts for an hour or so before seeking rest.

THE PRESS AND THE ANARCHISTS.

A New York daily says editorially that "the press ought not to be permitted to aid" in giving notoriety to the assassin of President Carnot and other anarchists of his ilk; that these miscreants should be "tried in secret and executed in secret"; and that such a course would prove "the surest deterrent for such a criminal that society can adopt, and the surest method of preventing his increase and multiplication." Many penologists reason in a similar vein about all crimes and criminals, regarding all public trials and public executions as unmixed evils, and claiming that the sensational press in advertising the criminal and his methods becomes a

perverter of public morals, an unhealthful harrower of the sensibilities of the better class of people, and a stimulator of the criminal instincts of the worse class—in short, an indirect but potent feeder of our prisons and a menace to the public weal. In a paper read before our National Prison Association two years ago it was said that "the two great schools of vice for the young as well as the old are the publication of crime in secular papers and the keeping open of courts of law, where all the vice of the world is ventilated for the so-called benefit of the public." And the reader added, "It is our task to set our face against these evils."

Well and good. It is something to have a task plainly outlined. But it is quite another thing to perform the task. A newspaper says the press ought not to be permitted to aid the anarchist in gaining notoriety, the penologist generalizes the proposition to include all criminals, but neither one tells us how the task is to be carried out. By whom is the press to be repressed? The daily paper reflects the tastes of its audience. It will give the public what the public demands. And unfortunately a large majority even of the more intelligent persons in the community take a morbid and sentimental interest in criminals. Morbid curiosity is a vice confined to no walk in life. There were days, and even weeks, not much over a year ago, when the probable fate of a murderer was a prominent topic of conversation among all classes of people in New York. At times the metropolis may be said to have hung breathless over the decision as to whether this criminal should or should not be given a new trial, or whether he would receive Executive clemency. Extras with startling head-lines and more startling pictures aided the regular editions in keeping up the morbid fomentation of popular interest. And when finally the death scene was enacted at Sing Sing, the press gave it such prominence that one might have thought it an international event of most momentous character. The founding or the obliteration of an empire could not have received more graphic delineation in word and picture.

Suppose some one had attempted to prevent the press from publishing accounts of this sensational trial, and this highly interesting execution? Would such interference have been tolerated by press or people? Assuredly not. Did not our Legislature pass a law three or four years ago prohibiting publication of details of executions in New York? And did not the law become a dead letter through popular disapproval after an attempt had been made at Sing Sing to enforce it literally at the muzzle of the rifle? The public knows what it wants—sometimes, at any rate—and laws that have not popular support might as well be left unenacted; that is, in a republic like ours. When the people no longer care to read accounts of criminal procedures, the press will cease to publish them—not before.

No practicable measures, therefore, will keep Santo and his kind from gaining the notoriety they crave. But there is a possibility of taking from that notoriety much of its savor by changing the penalty for such crimes from death to imprisonment for life without possibility of pardon. Much of the fascinating grewsomeness of a trial is gone if a life is not at stake. The anarchist who mounts the gallows is regarded by his fellows as a martyr; but there is nothing heroic about prison bars. Five of the seven Chicago anarchists preferred death to imprisonment. The anniversary of their "martyrdom" is celebrated by their admirers. The assassin of President Carnot boasted, in advance of his crime, of what his deportment would be when brought to the guillotine, and is evidently eager for his "martyrdom." He would far more probably have been deterred from his crime had he known that such martyrdom would be denied him, and that his fate would be to spend his life at hard labor among ordinary criminals. Such a certainty would take from the accomplishment of the assassin much of its appearance of heroism in the eyes of the vicious, and if it did not altogether deter other would-be offenders, it would at least not stimulate them, as Santo appears to have been stimulated by the recent execution of the anarchist Henry. Such a change in our laws as will tend to make punishment rapid and certain, and at the same time to reduce the sentimental interest in criminals to a minimum, will do far more to "prevent the increase and multiplication of criminals" than any legal restriction of the press, however desirable the latter might be if practicable.

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

NEW COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

THE criticisms of a ten-year graduate of Yale, at a class dinner, upon the policy of that institution as tending to substitute "architecture for scholarship," are little more applicable to Yale than to any other American seat of learning. At least the colleges which do not addict themselves to the increase of luxury and impressiveness in their appointments, as well as to the advancement of learning, abstain from lack of money and not from lack of disposition. The old rectangular piles of bald brick in which the buildings of Yale and Harvard originally consisted—"the Muses' factories," as Lowell called the Cambridge buildings of his undergraduate days—are gradually giving way upon the campus of every flourishing college to much more ornate and pretentious edifices. Even West Point, in which a military rigor served the same purpose as the Puritan austerity of the founders of the New England colleges, and of which the earlier buildings were mere barracks, has caught the infection, and has employed a distinguished architect to design the latest of its buildings with some reference to enhancing the picturesqueness of one of the most picturesque sites in the country.

The results of this desire to make the colleges architecturally attractive are so pleasant to the visitor that he has a right to require better evidence than can be said to have been yet produced that the attractiveness is produced at a sacrifice of the true aims of the colleges. The sacrifice is rather assumed than proved by those who assert it to have been made. No doubt if it could be shown that a college corporation had voted to spend in "ornate architecture" what it would cost it to establish a needed professorship or to secure a renowned and desirable professor, the corporation would be culpable. If it were shown that the funds for handsome buildings could be had, but not the funds for needed facilities of study, that would be a sad state of things; but the governing body of the college would even then not necessarily be responsible. Faculties and trustees would have to face the fact, when it appeared to be the fact, that a potential benefactor would much rather have his name commemorated by its connection with a building very much in evidence than by its connection with a "chair." But that there has been any sacrifice of the inward and spiritual to the outward and visible is not to be lightly assumed merely because it is evident that the outward and visible has cost a great deal of money. In the wonderful new University of Chicago, for example, profuse expenditure in one direction does not seem to have abridged expenditure upon the other, and the university has been both lodged and manned "regardless of expense."

The new Chicago University has an architectural advantage that is not shared by many other seats of learning, though it is shared by two institutions in New York—Columbia and the General Theological Seminary—in having been designed all at once and by a single architect, so that its buildings have a homogeneity which the ordinary college campus distinctly lacks. The campus even of the richest and oldest colleges is apt to "make itself a motley to the view," according to the preference of the several donors for styles of architecture or for architects, so that the effect of the best buildings is by no means what it might be if the effect of all the buildings had been considered by the designers of each. The successive strata of Victorian Gothic, Queen Anne, Richardsonian Romanesque, and the latest revival of Classic may be discerned in the building of nearly every active and growing college, so that sometimes the visitor is inclined to declare that the old bald scholar-factories are preferable to the confusion of styles, even on æsthetic grounds.

It will probably not be much disputed that the latest addition to the architecture of Yale is the most picturesque and attractive of all the buildings of the university, nor that it is the most distinctly collegiate in its character of all, and, indeed, of all the buildings that are illustrated. It was erected by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt as a memorial of his son, who died while still an undergraduate of the university. If the architect had endeavored to conform to the prevailing architecture of the campus, he would have endeavored in vain, for there is no prevailing style. The surroundings of the campus include examples of all the styles we have enumerated, excepting Queen Anne, together with some buildings that are nondescript, but of which none is distinctly collegiate. By choosing the collegiate architecture of England, the style which gives their charm to the cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge, and brings down the same charm from the days of the Tudor to the time of the Georges, the architect has succeeded in presenting an example of unmistakably collegiate architecture which has scarcely been equalled in respect to this particular old-world charm on this side of the Atlantic. The period he has chosen is that after the Renaissance had been firmly established, even in works which derived their cloisteral character from monastic builders—the period commonly called Jacobean, which is denoted especially by the carved decoration of the doorways and oriels, in which the architect has been very fortunate in securing a sympathetic interpreter of his design in his carver, and which in its quaintness, grace, and spirit recalls the best work of the English Jacobean period.

The completeness with which the collegiate idea has been carried out in the latest of the dormitories of Yale has an interesting contrast in the completeness with which that idea has been abandoned in the latest of the dormitories of Harvard. As nobody could fail to recognize a college building in the Vanderbilt dormitory, so nobody could succeed in recognizing such a building in Claverly Hall, which, indeed, is but a well-behaved apartment-house of moderate height, quite irrelevant in its architecture to its special destination as an apartment-house for undergraduates.

The university "theatre," as it is commonly called, after the example of the Sheldonian, in Oxford, is an adjunct very necessary to the dignified fulfilment of its public functions by a university, but one with which comparatively few of the American colleges, or even universities, are provided. Its purposes are still served in many New England colleges, as they formerly were in all, by the orthodox meeting-house of the college town. Alexander Hall, at Princeton, is one of the most interesting of its architect's essays in his own version of Richardsonian Romanesque, in which several very successful churches in New York have been composed, retaining the combination which Mr. Richardson introduced of light granite rock with wrought-work of dark sandstone, but avoiding the exaggerations in which Mr. Richardson indulged himself, and which had much to do with the abandonment of a style that had so many elements of promise and of permanence. Alexander Hall is evidently an excellent example of its style—a Romanesque that is rich and graceful as well as picturesque and vigorous.

The Walker Art Building, at Bowdoin, testifies by its destination as well as by its architecture to the increasing interest in art of the American colleges. The building itself, of which the superstructure is in Indiana limestone and a very dark gray brick, nearly black, is one of the most successful examples thus far of the latest classical revival. The central feature of the Villa Medici, familiar to all visitors to the New York Building at the World's Fair, is here again employed as the leading motive of a composition, and the very low domes of the Agricultural Building also reappear. The effect is really classical. The architectural interest of the central apartment, under the dome, Sculpture Hall, is to be enhanced by the decoration of the four tympana of the dome, which have been respectively assigned for this purpose to Elihu Vedder, John La Farge, A. H. Thayer, and Kenyon Cox.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BUILDING.

THE development of elevator-architecture has had many queer and surprising results in New York. One of them is that the religious or charitable association that in the old five-story times would have had modest quarters, presumably on the fifth story, and have been troubled to meet its rent, now vaunts itself and exalts its horn in a sky-scraper. The very least that it expects of its sky-scraper is to abide in it rent-free. In most cases it expects to derive a considerable income in addition for its special work. The financing of the sky-scraper offers a very bewildering problem to the inexpert. That the expert has triumphantly solved it is proved by the number of sky-scrapers that are erected not only by commercial corporations, but by corporations distinctly uncommercial.

The building of the United Charities was perhaps the first of these architectural comminglings of benevolence and business. Now almost every one of the leading religious denominations has a building of its own, executed or contemplated. The "Bible House," over against Cooper Union, that used to be a general asylum for the sects, has ramified and spread abroad. The Tract Society is excavating and piling for a twenty-storied tower in Nassau Street. The Episcopalians have a modest eight or ten story building in Fourth Avenue, opposite the United Charities. The Methodist building, of a like altitude, has for some years reared itself upon the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. Shortly there will confront it from the northwest corner the twelve-story building of the Presbyterians, which is the subject of our illustration.

Why twelve story, rather than eight on the one hand or twenty on the other, is the question that the wayfaring man is prone to ask himself, and a similar question must arise in the mind at the sight of any sky-scraper. In truth, the economical limit of high building has by no means been yet established by a consensus of architects or of promoters. It is safe to say that an office-building in a busy quarter will not be of less than eight stories, nor of more than twenty, but this is a very wide range, the latter being twice and a half as high as the former. The uncertainty of promoters and architects gives the sky-line of New York, from any point from which it can be seen, a very irregular serration. Before the elevator the practicable height of buildings was fixed by the endurance of the human legs and lungs, and it was fixed at five, or in extreme cases at six, stories. Everybody except the builder of dwelling-houses built as high as he could, and the result was a reasonably uniform altitude of the business quarters, from which plateau the domes and steeples emerged. Now the domes and steeples no longer crown the city. That culminating function is performed by square masses of business buildings, for the most part with no outline at all. The architects of the Presbyterian building deserve credit for having at least surmounted their building with a roof, and thus given it an outline, which also promises to be effective even in a distant view. For the rest the design conforms to what has become the established type of office-building, being divided into a three-story base, a middle division of seven stories, of which the offices are continued, and connected by arches above the tenth story, and an upper division of the roof and the roof story, and a subordinate story that counts architecturally as an appendage of the cornice. The building is to be constructed of a light Indian limestone, with a tile roof.

The primary purpose of the building is to house the various foreign and domestic missions of the Presbyterian church, which, however, can occupy but a modest part of the enormous space provided. The rest is an office-building, which, judging from the already crowded condition of the lofty office-buildings in its neighborhood, will be fully tenanted almost as soon as the building is finished.

DAWN.

THE east is tinged with pink, and on the tree
    The moist leaves rustle musically sweet;
The languid poppy, in wild ecstasy,
    Trembles amid the spears of yellow wheat.

The honeyed breath of morn across the hill
    Is floating like a tide of melody;
The first faint sunbeam dances on the rill;
    The first blithe bird is winging in the sky.

And by the porch, whose airy vines in glee
    Scatter the dewdrops while the fresh wind blows,
I note with outspread wings a golden bee
    Tilting upon the bosom of a rose.

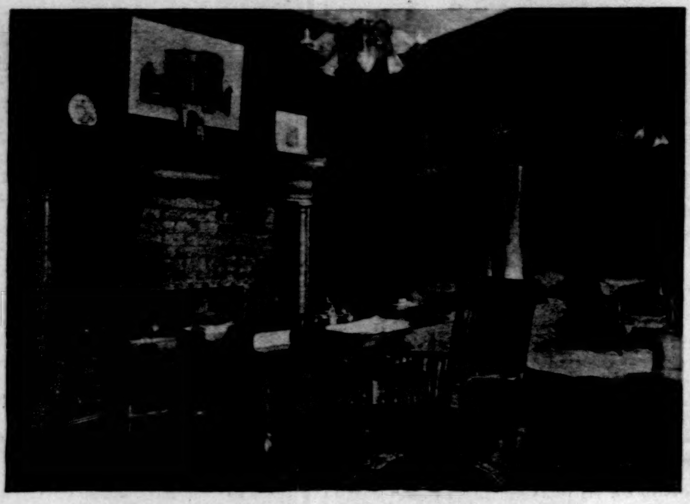
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE GARBAGE PROBLEM.

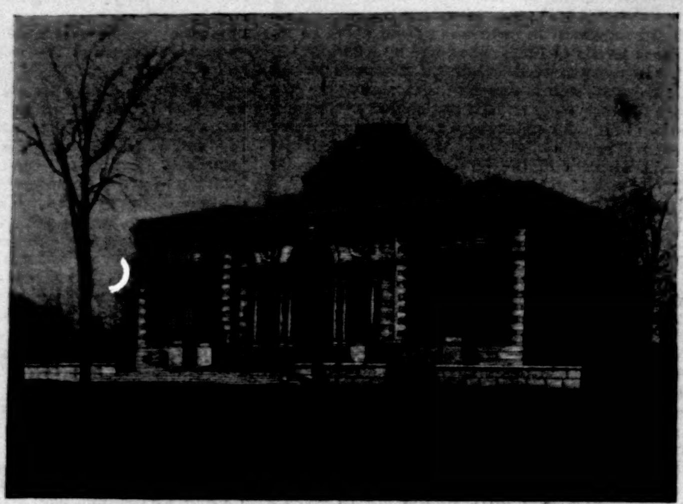
How to dispose of the garbage is one of the most important problems of municipal housekeeping, and one that no great city has as yet fully solved. New York's method for some years past has been to collect the garbage on scows and tow it out to sea. But the garbage so disposed of is not only wasted, but it tends to fill in the approaches to the harbor, besides remaining in some degree a nuisance to the inhabitants of neighboring shores. So of late our city authorities have determined to make other disposition of it. Rikers Island, in the East River, seemed to them to offer great advantages as a dumping-ground. It appears that the city owns not merely the island itself, but the submerged land about it out to a line where the average depth of water is twelve feet at low tide. This reclaimable submerged portion amounts to more than two hundred acres. A plot of land of that size cannot usually be had for a song in a city where land sells by the square foot; but in this case the city authorities saw, or thought they saw, an opportunity to get it for even less than a song, inasmuch as the garbage of the city could be towed to Rikers Island more cheaply than it could be towed to sea, and by its aid the submerged acres could be brought to the surface.

But thus far the plan has not proved a success. A beginning was made, and prospects seemed bright until the odors of the garbage were wafted to the nostrils of the residents of that portion of newer New York called the Annexed District. Then there came a very vigorous protest from these citizens, and an injunction was secured restraining Commissioner Andrews from depositing any more refuse on Rikers Island for the present. So the old sea-going scows are in requisition again for the moment, and their owners, taking fresh courage at this unexpected turn of fortune, have renewed their former efforts to sell the scows to the city for several times their value. The attempt is likely to fail, however, as Mr. Andrews is wedded to the plan of filling in the Rikers Island property. His idea is to render the garbage innocuous by disinfection. The dealer in patent disinfectants is, of course, on hand to assist, and there is much talk about "electrozone" and other agents incomprehensible to all but the initiated.

But the aspirations of the disinfectant-venders are also placed in jeopardy, for Comptroller Fitch has heard that the best of disinfectants is fire, and is bent on investigating the garbage crematories that have recently been put in operation, it is claimed successfully, in Boston and Chicago, and which were used to consume the refuse at the World's Fair grounds last year. This is certainly looking in the right direction. A crematory, if one can be constructed that will operate on so large a scale, would divest the garbage of every objectionable feature, while retaining its valuable properties. The incinerated garbage could then be used to reclaim not only the lands at Rikers Island, but similar lands on Sunken Meadows, Randalls Island, and elsewhere without possible objection, and with the result of making lands of enormous value available for the city's use. Theoretically, the crematory has every argument in its favor. Practically, it remains to be seen what the patentees of crematories can offer in the way of machines or methods capable of operating on such a scale as would be required here. By all means let the chemical disinfectants be kept in the background till the crematories have had a hearing.

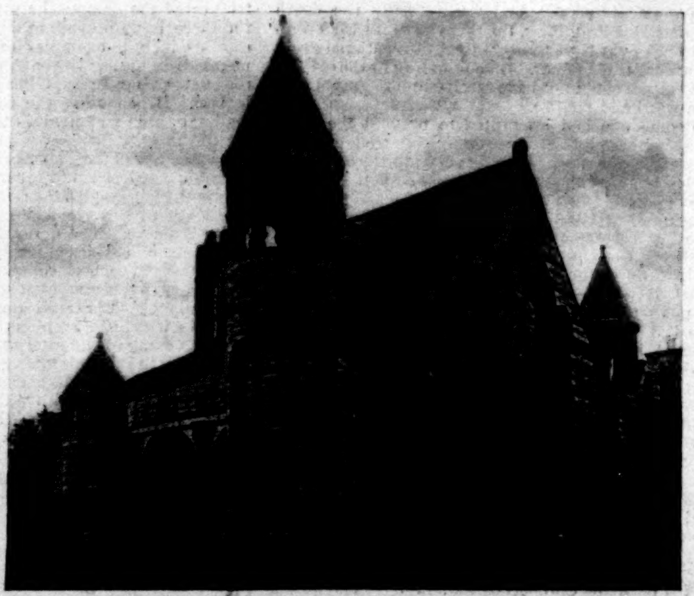


STUDENT'S ROOM IN CLAVERLY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.



WALKER ART BUILDING, BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

CLAVERLY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.



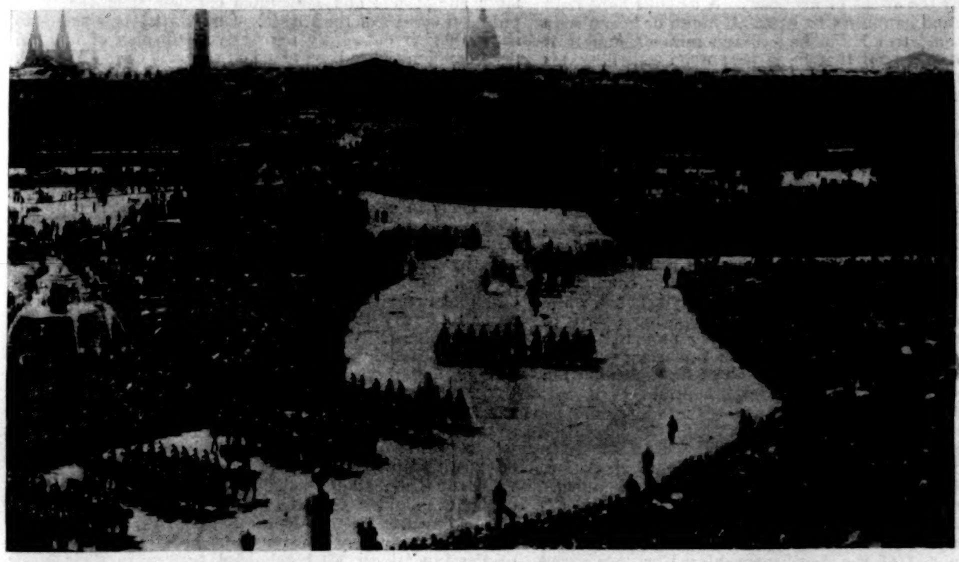
Photographed by R. H. Rose & Son.

ALEXANDER HALL, PRINCETON.

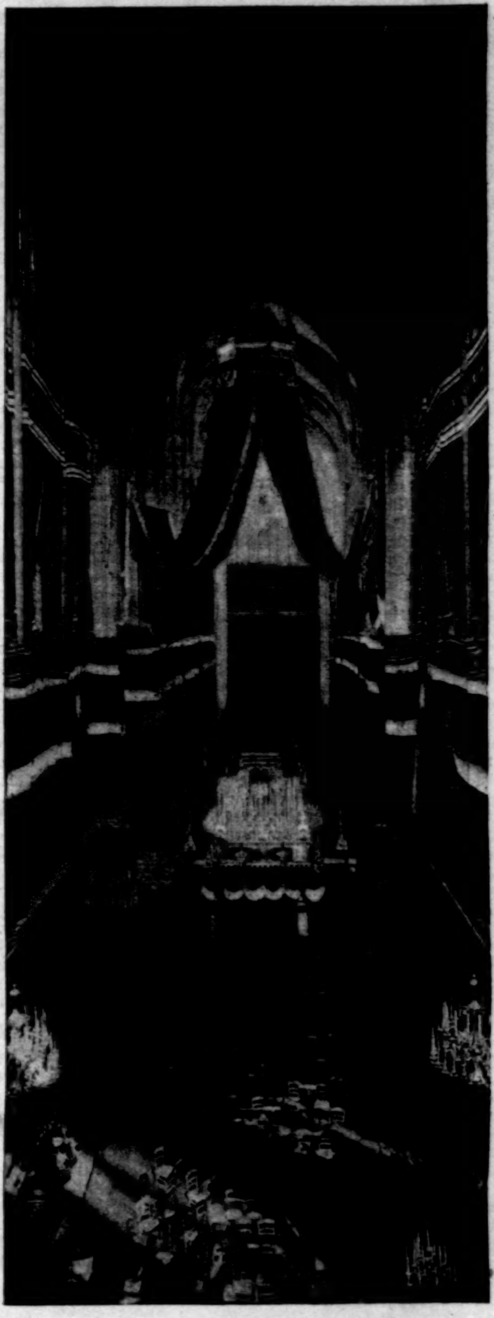
VANDERBILT DORMITORIES, YALE.—Drawn by Al. Hencke.

RECENT COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE.—[See Page 711.]

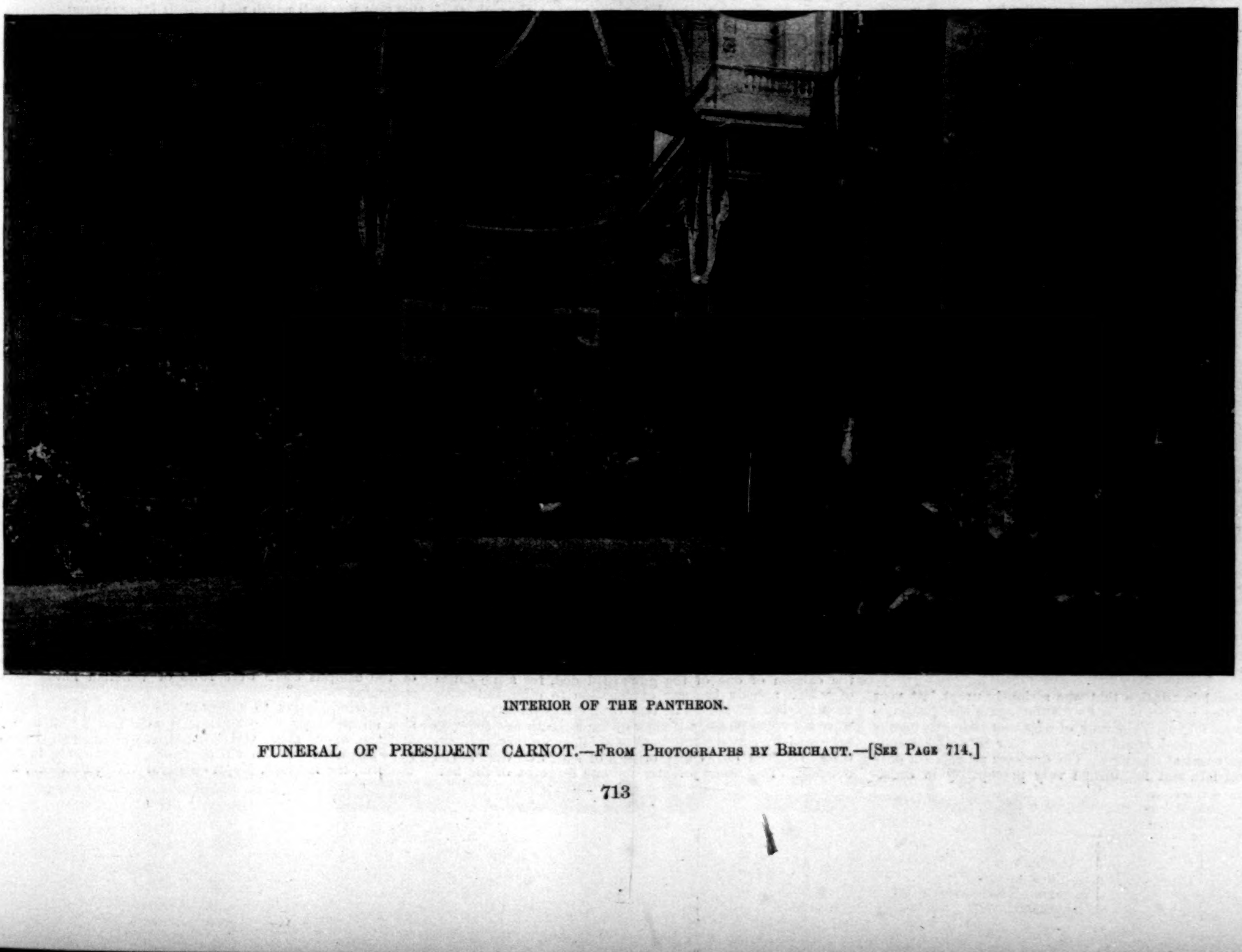
AFTER THE CAISSON EXPLOSION, CHICAGO, JULY 16TH.
Wreckage and dead Horses on Grand Boulevard.—From a Photograph by R. D. Cleveland.—[See Page 714.]



FUNERAL PROCESSION CROSSING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



THE DECORATIONS IN NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.



INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON.

FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRICHAUT.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

PROFESSOR Richard G. Moulton, of Cambridge, England, takes rather a gloomy view of the prospects for the study of literature. In an address on that subject before the American Educational Association at Asbury Park on July 13th he named as the two great obstacles to deep literary study the study of the classics, which absorbs time, and modern journalism. The newspaper and the magazine, he believes, are destroying the power to read real literature, and of the two he thinks the magazine is the more harmful. Between the two, he thinks, American readers are losing the power of attention, and without that, of course, any study of real literature is impossible.

No doubt there is truth in what Professor Moulton says, but the study of literature as he treats of it is a branch of the higher education; a special study with which the mass of men are not very much concerned. That confirmed and habitual readers of newspapers and magazines do not bend their minds to the study of literature is probably true, but they would not do so in any case. They read mainly for current information and for recreation. In the newspapers they get the news, and a certain transitory refreshment akin to that derived from the gossiping chat which constitutes nine-tenths or more of all conversation which is not concerned with matters of business. From the magazines they get entertainment, a certain amount of information about contemporary art, science, travel, industry, and politics, and a steady supply of the best contemporary fiction that is produced. Comparatively few people imagine that they are studying literature when they read the magazines, but they may suppose, and be justified therein, that they are getting a certain amount of general culture, and are quickening their interest in contemporary life. When readers were numbered by thousands, the proportion of those among them who cared for the best literature was possibly greater than it is now when they are numbered by millions. It is natural that that should be so, because when readers were few a larger proportion of them were scholars and people of leisure than now when reading is a universal accomplishment. But, after all, the first essential to a knowledge of literature is the habit of reading something, and both newspapers and magazines certainly abet that. When everybody reads it seems fair to suspect that the literature that does not get some share of attention has some vital deficiency in merit.

The dramatic critic of the London *Times* has a poor opinion of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's new play, *Izeyl*, lately produced in London at Daly's Theatre. *Izeyl* is the story of a courtesan who undertakes to charm an upright and ascetic prince, and finding her advances rejected, falls virtuously and deeply in love with him. His brother, who wooes her in her old character, she repulses with fury and leaves with a dagger in his heart. In prison she is visited by the prince, whose affections have turned toward her, and in whose arms she finally dies. The *Times* finds a close analogy between the new play and *Camille*, and while it concedes that it is adroitly constituted to enable Madame Bernhardt to show all her best points, it complains that in the execution of the work there is no trace of truth. "The actress," it says, "works hard, throws all her *abandon*, all her energy, all her zeal into the part, and reaps a success comparable to the meagre and stunted crop which sedulous cultivation will raise on a barren soil. *Izeyl* is curious and in a sense interesting to see, but it is not likely to take a permanent place among the actress's triumphs."

Another new work brought out last month in London that gained a much less restricted commendation was M. Massenet's opera *La Navarraise*. The libretto, by the author and Mr. H. Cain, treats of the loves of Anita, a "Navarraise," and a young soldier, Araguil. The young man's father objects to a marriage unless Anita can find herself an adequate dowry. A reward is offered for the assassination of a noted Carlist leader. Anita undertakes to win it. Without disclosing her purpose, she makes her way to the Carlist camp, followed secretly by her lover, who suspects her motives. She kills her man, but her lover is desperately wounded, and dies just as she comes triumphant to claim the reward. "With shouts of maniac laughter" she falls upon his body as the curtain falls.

Madame Calvé, for whom the part of Anita was written, is considered to fit it to perfection, and stirred her Covent Garden audience to a precipitous pitch of enthusiasm. The new opera is full of the echoes of war, and abounds, as will be noted, in sudden death. Its music is warmly praised, and "it is at least possible," says a London critic, "that its success may rival that of *Cavalleria Rusticana*."

An interesting new species of social paragraph has been evolved wherein the predominating importance of a conspicuous member of fashionable society is recognized. Half a column or so of a recent issue of a leading New York journal was devoted to information of a nature that may be understood from the following haphazard extracts:

"The Hon. William M. Evarts has ordered a landau set for use during the Senator's vacation, which will be passed at Windsor, Vermont."

"Mrs. H. N. B—— will drive a runabout at Lenox, the harness for which has been completed. Mrs. E. S. L——, Jun., will drive a natty pony, 13.2 hands, and has bought a dainty set of harness for the little chap."

"C. S. W—— will drive his tandem at Middletown, Massachusetts, during the hot season."

"Miss E. W——, who resides with her parents at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when in New York, is now at Saratoga, where she will be seen behind spanking cobs."

"Miss C. C. C—— has bought a runabout harness, which has been forwarded to Seabright."

"T. H. S—— will spend the summer at Seabright, and has purchased a set of double harness for use before a victoria, a single set, and a runabout set in russet."

"G. D. M—— will drive a dog-cart, in natural wood, the harness for which is russet."

"D. S. M—— will be seen on the roads about West Randolph. Mr. M——takes with him a mail-phaeton."

In town, it may be, a man may still be known by the company he keeps, but in the country in summer it is obviously the horses that he drives and their harness and the vehicles they haul that determine his quality.

A national institution that was seriously upset last year by the Chicago Fair, but is flourishing again this season, is the summer school. The bulk of whatever time and money the inquiring mind could spare last year for self-improvement was spent at Chicago. The summer schools got only what was left, and languished very perceptibly in consequence. Some of them failed to get pupils enough to start with; others, better established, had about half their usual patronage. This year they are in vigorous session again, not much affected apparently by the hard times. Asbury Park and Chautauqua are crowded, the Harvard school at Cambridge is full of business, and a crowd of others, some more devoted to spiritual development, others to intellectual, enable thousands of earnest Americans to flavor their playtime with the tinge of industry which habit has made necessary to their happiness.

France seems to be less agitated by the woman-suffrage movement than any other highly civilized country. Yet something happened there the other day which woman-suffragists might profitably remark. Mr. Smalley, in a letter to the *Tribune*, recites the story that when, after Carnot's assassination, M. Casimir-Perier was urged to be a candidate for President, he resisted all persuasions until his mother was sent for and the case laid before her. She listened, and told him that his grandfather, the great man of the family, would have told him it was his duty to stand. Then she walked out of the room, and her son yielded.

The fable teaches that even without a vote woman may still be a spoke of considerable importance in the political wheel. The story, as Mr. Smalley gives it, is based on hearsay, but there is nothing improbable about it, since, as he reminds us, "the mother in France is a sacred personage, even more sacred than elsewhere, and far more habitually looked up to as an authority by men in mature life."

No one who has not ridden a bicycle can appreciate the violence of the bicyclist's interest in roads. To drive a horse over a rough or heavy road is irksome and even exasperating; but, as is well known, men are patient with the sufferings of beasts, and will wear out good horses over bad roads year after year without doing more than grumble about the inconvenience of it. But put your man on a bicycle and send him out to investigate the highway with his own muscle, and the road question instantly takes hold of him. You do not need to show him figures that tell how much harder work it is to draw a load over a bad road than over a good one. He has tried it, and has measured the difference by the sweat of his brow. A smooth hard road means ease and happiness to him. A rough or heavy road means personal tribulation and disappointment, and if it happens to be a road that he is bent upon travelling, his wits immediately begin to work upon the problem of engaging his neighbors in the business of improving it.

In a lecture given in London about a month ago, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Mrs. Humphrey Ward held that by far the most important of the disadvantages of modern Unitarianism was "the indecision of much Unitarian thought and teaching." She complained that Unitarianism looked too much like the remains of something else, and she rallied her audience to the task laid, she said, upon English Unitarians "of giving religious shape to a mass of new knowledge and new conviction, which Catholicism to its infinite peril merely ignored, while the Church of England tried uneasily to find room for it in her sermons while excluding it from her prayers." Two things she enjoined upon the English Unitarians—first, to separate, "by the use of a method and an instinct trained in a hundred different fields, what Christ himself said of God, man, and nature, both from what was put into his mouth by others, and from the speculations of his followers about his own character and mission"; next, to learn what discipleship might mean, "and give themselves to it without calculation, without resistance, nay, with a sort of divine abandonment."

Mrs. Ward has piety and zeal and intelligence. If the English Unitarians succeed in procuring a revision of the New Testament Christianity which she feels that she can indorse, the rest of the English-speaking Christian world will be interested to inspect it, and will at least pay it the compliment of a good deal of respectful consideration.

The chairman of the Executive Committee of the (British) Palestine Exploration Fund has announced through the London papers that under the new firman granted by the Turkish government Mr. Frederick Bliss, the society's excavator, has opened ground at Jerusalem. His instructions were to "take up the 'rock scarp of Zion,' and trace it eastwards, in accordance with the description of Josephus," and his excavations are already disclosing the continuation of the scarp, with unexpected chambers, passages, stairs, and mosaic pavements, of which, the chairman says, it would be premature to attempt any explanation. It is thought to be very much to the excavator's advantage that Ibrahim Pasha, the present Governor of Jerusalem, is an able administrator of great intelligence and thorough integrity. Wherever in the world the crust of earth is suspected of concealing anything that it would be either lucrative or instructive to bring to light, there seems to be a company or a society in London ready to dig it out. There seems to be no obscure thing anywhere hidden that is worth elucidating but what in the world's metropolis there are folks with time and money to devote to finding out about it. A wonderful town is London, and a remarkably inquisitive lot of human creatures are they who dwell therein. E. S. MARTIN.

THE EXPLOSION AT CHICAGO.

NOBODY who was at Chicago during the dedication week of October, 1892, and was fortunate enough to see the drill of the regulars in Washington Park, will fail to remember it as one of the prettiest incidents of the week. General Miles had stripped his department to add to the splendor of the national function, and a drill was arranged such as scarcely any of those who took part in it had seen since the war. From the one company and two company posts had been gathered four light batteries and seven troops of cavalry, and they turned out for a combined drill in the park. Of late the department has again been stripped of its troops to concentrate them at Chicago, but this time on business. On Monday, July 16th, the business seemed to be pretty well over, and it was determined to give men and horses their exercise by sending three troops of cavalry and two guns from Camp Miles around the west and south sides, a march of some twenty-five miles. When the column was marching down Grand Boulevard the caisson of one of the guns exploded, for some cause of which nobody has any explanation to offer, but with very tragical effects. The two cannoneers on the caisson were blown to pieces, a trooper of the Seventh Cavalry was beheaded by a flying fragment of shell, and a private of artillery received burns and bruises of which he died in the evening. Two other privates and one sergeant of the battery received what were supposed to be mortal wounds; and eight other soldiers and four bystanders, of whom two were women, were more or less injured. Nine horses were killed outright, or so injured that they had to be put to death. The explosion was at first naturally assumed to be the work of anarchists, but there is little doubt that it was a pure though as yet an inexplicable accident.

HEARKENINGS.

WHEN one I loved with all my heart
Was what the quick call dead,
How I did tremble, look, and start,
At each new sudden tread!

If she who was our heart of hearts
Is in a distant sphere,
Perhaps she at each flutter starts,
And whispers, "He is here!"

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

THE FUNERAL OF CARNOT.

THERE are few more affecting spectacles in the world than a national sorrow, such as follows what is sincerely felt to be a national bereavement. Especially is this true when the person who has departed was the chosen chief and representative of a free people, and when the chosen leader of the people has fallen by the hand of an assassin as a martyr to their cause. Three times has this happened within a generation, and nobody who witnessed the funeral of Lincoln, the funeral of Garfield, or the funeral of Carnot is likely ever to forget it.

As a spectacle, the funeral of Carnot was of course far more impressive than either of the other funerals. There is no such theatre for a funeral pageant on this side of the ocean as is furnished by the boulevards of Paris and the interior of Notre Dame, and no such appurtenances of funeral pomp in our simple republican form as are furnished in the far more sumptuous and elaborated ceremonial of the "Republican court" of the Élysée. Our illustrations suffice to show that so outwardly impressive a display of national grief could not have been made on this side of the Atlantic.

And yet the affecting character of a national funeral comes from the fact that the nation is really and sincerely, and not only outwardly, in mourning. This was as true of France after the death of Carnot as of America after the death of Garfield, and it is the spontaneous popular demonstration of this that is really more impressive than the official displays. In Paris this demonstration was made in countless ways—in one way that is especially striking, considering the just reputation for frugality that the Parisians enjoy. The florists' shops of the city and the greenhouses of the region round about were despoiled. The country was stripped of its flowers at a cost that mounted to hundreds of thousands of francs in order to testify the regard and regret of the people for their President. When the last natural flower had been employed, resort was had to the manufactories of artificial flowers, and these too were emptied. The collection of "floral tributes" in the spacious gardens of the Élysée was so great that the wreaths were stood on edge, and even so they filled all the available space. The national sorrow was shown also by the character and the demeanor of the crowds that waited for the procession. Special trains were run from all the surrounding country, and arrived during the night. The Place de la Concorde was a camp before dawn. An eye-witness says, "Workmen, small tradesmen, poor people formed the hedge along the route of the funeral car, all bareheaded, turning in their hands their cloth caps or soft felt hats." Their demeanor was solemn and reverential. It was a demonstration that the French working-people have no sympathy with the anarchistic enemies of the human race, and it was a demonstration that was well worth making. It is some compensation for a crazy crime like that of Guiteau or Cesario that it awakens the spirit of patriotism and shows the "solidarity" of a republic.

FLAG DAY AT TRINITY COLLEGE.

A RECENT session of the Connecticut General Assembly ordered that the national flag should be displayed upon all public-school buildings, so that the children might pass to and fro, for work and play, under the stars and stripes.

It seemed obvious that institutions of higher learning should at least be up to the level of primary and secondary schools in this matter, and the first move has been made by Trinity College. The arrangements for displaying the flag were of the most elaborate description, and everything was done that could be done, through art and music and poetry and oratory, to make the occasion dignified and imposing.

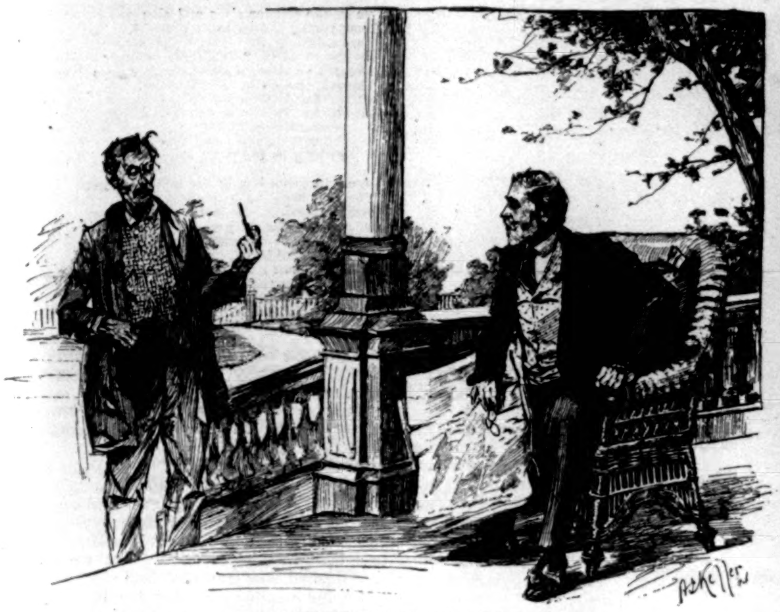
The flag-staff itself, of Oregon pine, is twenty-two inches through at the butt, and rises like a marble shaft, straight and white, 103 feet above the ground. It stands upon a slightly rising mound in the middle of the campus, between the bronze statue of the founder of the college and Northam Towers, which is the central mass in the principal range of buildings. It bears, upon a tablet of polished brass, the following inscription:

This flag-staff was erected by the Alumni of Trinity College, with the consent of the Corporation. The first flag displayed upon it was presented by Nathaniel Lyon Post and R. O. Tyler Post, of the Grand Army of the Republic, Hartford, Conn., and was hoisted with public solemnities, Wednesday, June 27th, A.D. 1894.

Then, College, take our lay;
Hail, Fatherland, to-day;
And God be with us aye!

Between the staff and the building were the chairs for the 1600 invited guests; and above and back of the platform rose the seats for the great male chorus of nearly 200 voices. The main line of buildings, 600 feet long, as well as the science building, the gymnasium, the houses of the president and professors, and several of the secret society halls, were elaborately decorated with the national and the college colors, and from the entrance of the grounds to the edge of the campus there were rows of Venetian masts with streamers.

The crowd began to gather at one o'clock. The procession started from the City Hall, a mile and a half away, and the streets along which it passed were decorated with flags and lined with crowds of people. First came, in full uniform, the marshal, Major-General W. B. Franklin, the



AN EXPERIENCED GARDENER.

"Yes, it is true—I do want a gardener; but have you ever had any experience?"
"Yessir. I've read about gardens, an' I've worked in gardens."
"What garden have you worked in?"
"I was a sweeper in the Madison Square Garden, sir, during the horse show, sir."

well-known corps commander of the Army of the Potomac, and his aides, followed by the gentlemen who were responsible for the literary and musical parts of the exercises. Then came the trim uniforms of the Connecticut National Guard, the showy company of Governor's Horse-Guards, and the quaint costume of the Putnam Phalanx, bringing back the days of the Continental army. Following were distinguished guests in carriages, representing the United States, State, and city governments, the Board of Trade, the Army and Navy Club, and other bodies. Finally came the Governor's Foot-Guard, in the gorgeous scarlet uniforms of the British army of a century and a quarter ago, escorting the veterans.

The procession was met on reaching the campus by the alumni and undergraduates, headed by the Corporation and the Faculty in cap and gown; and these stood and uncovered as their guests passed by.

The scene at this moment, with the broad stretch of greensward, the thousands of spectators, the solid ranks of the veterans—shoulders growing bowed now and heads gray—the superb uniforms of the escort, the bright colors of the ladies' dresses, the caps and gowns and hoods, the dignified buildings and their imposing sites, the city below, the rich valley of the Connecticut further off, and, bounding the horizon in every direction, the ranges of mountains and hills, blue with distance, the hum of voices, the bursts of military music—all made a picture unique and beautiful.

The Grand Army men and their military escort formed three sides of a square enclosing the flag-staff, the platform, and the invited guests, while the alumni and students were grouped within the square, facing the veterans, and equally distant with them from the staff. A crowd numbering eight or ten thousand pressed against the square.

The exercises began at 3.30, with prayers and the recitation of the Apostles' Creed, Dr. Niles, Bishop of New Hampshire, of the class of 1855, as chaplain, taking the place of the venerable Dr. Williams, of the class of 1835, Bishop of Connecticut, who was kept away by illness. Following this was Eichberg's noble chorus, "To thee, O country, great and free," by the male choir, accompanied by two military bands, and led by Mr. J. Emerson.

Following came an introductory address by the Hon. William Hamersley, LL.D., class of 1858, of the Supreme Court of Errors. A single passage from it gives the key-note to the whole:

"It is fitting that the nation's flag should daily give its inspiration to the chosen youth who are preparing for the nation's service. It is especially fitting at this time. Now, when dangers threaten, more to be dreaded than hostile fleets and armies, when the buried errors and follies of all past ages seem destined to resurrection, when godless anarchy holds the dagger to the heart of social order, when selfishness incarnate seeks to suppress each source of common good, to stifle every impulse of honest public service, to embroil in fiercest strife the varied interests that are essential to each other and can live only by mutual help, when gibbering cynics sneer at the possibility of reverent faith and civic virtue, the hope, the life of the nation depends upon arousing to overwhelming action that mighty passion of patriotism which lives in the depths of American character."

Following this was the address of presentation, on behalf of the Grand Army men, by Captain J. G. Root, ex-Mayor of Hartford. The gratification of the old soldiers was gracefully expressed at being permitted to be present on such an errand.

Colonel William S. Cogswell, of New York city, class of 1861, accepted briefly on behalf of the alumni. Colonel Cogswell was at Trinity when the war broke out. He recalled the names of college friends, like Stedman and Vincent, who gave their lives for the flag.

On behalf of the Corporation, Colonel J. L. Green, president of the Connecticut Mutual Life-insurance Company, accepted in a thoughtful speech. Colonel Green was assistant adjutant-general on Custer's staff.

At the close of these addresses the flag was hoisted by General L. A. Dickinson, of the Grand Army, and Professors McCook and Luther, and Percy S. Bryant, Esq., Committee of Arrangements for the alumni. As the beautiful emblem of the nation's unity and power rose rapidly, fluttering in the strong southern breeze, there was a great cheer from the crowd, followed by the college yell; the trumpets gave their salute; the bands played the first bars of the "Star-spangled Banner," and the song was taken up at once by the chorus and the people with a fervor which sent a thrill through every heart and brought tears to many eyes. Since the old regimental battle-flags were carried to their final resting-place in the Capitol there has not been in these parts a moment of such intense patriotic feeling.

After this the veterans and the college people took their places in front of the platform, and Mr. Richard Burton, of the class of 1883, recited his "Song of the Flag," a few lines of which are here given:

(*Continued on page 716.*)

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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are loved by everybody. Good nature in children is rare unless they are healthy. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. This milk is so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable.—[*Adv.*]

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The sure cure—Bromo-Seltzer.—[*Adv.*]

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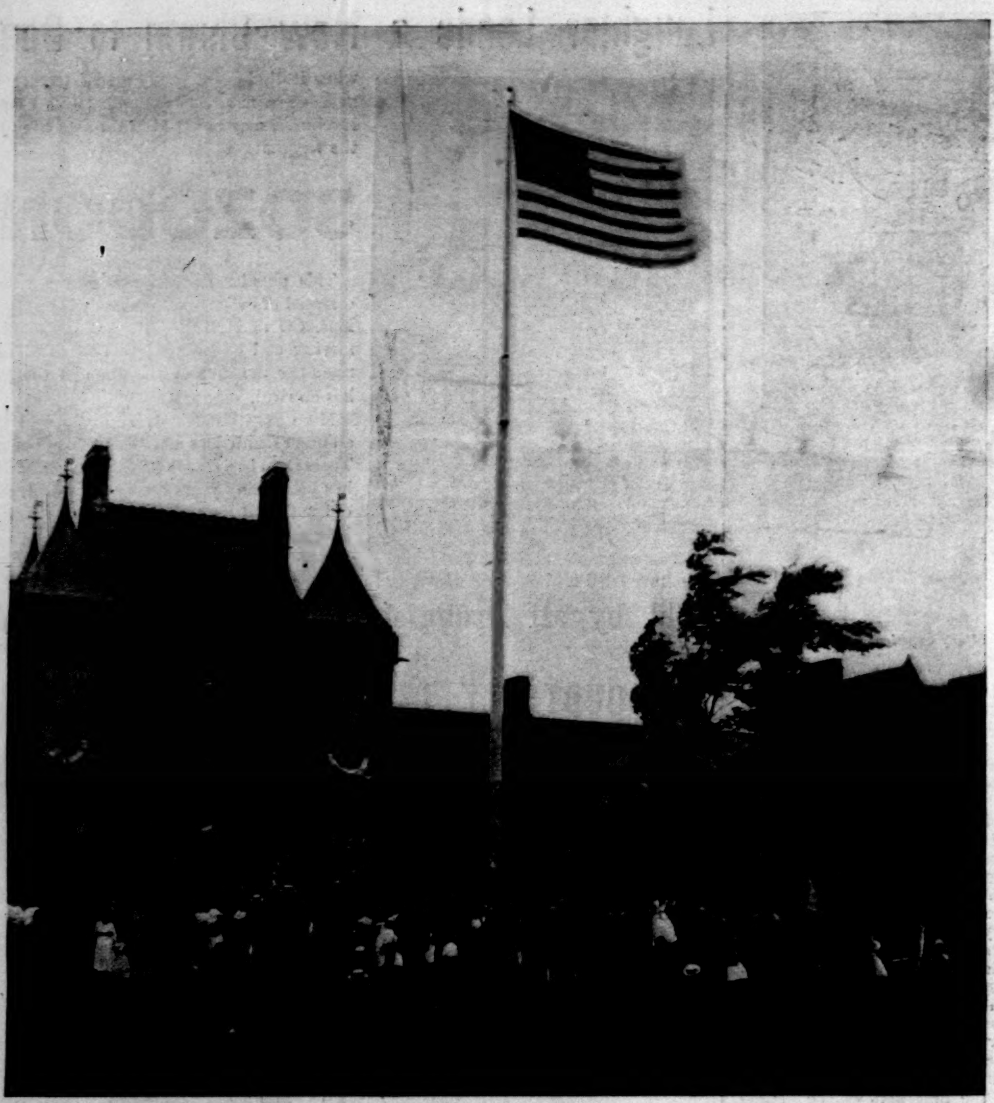


THE RECENT FLAG-RAISING AT TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
Scene on the Campus at the Close of the Official Ceremonies.

"O ye of the scholar class and clan
Now pacing the paths of thought,
Ye are called by the name American,
By the blood of your fathers bought;
It is meet ye raise in these summer days
The red, the white, and the blue,
That the flag look down on the cap and gown,
On all that ye dream and do:
Learning and liberty,
Bulwarks for me and thee
So long as the years shall be."

"The world turns boy in the blush of June;
The soul leaps up in its seat;
There is blessing rich in the double boon
Of a day and a duty sweet.
May this ardent hour unfold a flower
Of triple love in us,
For our student days, for our country's praise,
And for God the Glorious!
Then, College, take our lay;
Hail, Fatherland, to-day;
And God be with us aye!"

Three of the stanzas were at once sung without accompaniment to music specially written for the occasion by Dudley Buck, of the class of 1859, who also conducted. At its conclusion the whole crowd broke into tumultuous cheering, and was only quieted when the composer reappeared and called for a repetition.

United States Senator J. R. Hawley, LL.D., a graduate of Hamilton College, then began his oration:

"The Faculty of Trinity College, the students thereof, posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, civil officers of the State and of the nation, and patriotic citizens are here assembled to witness a simple deed. Yet we have just seen that faces flushed, lips trembled, and surely some eyes moistened. Not for this day only, but for all time, Trinity College hoists the splendid banner of the great republic. During the coming centuries young men will gather here under Trinity's felicitous motto, 'Pro Ecclesia et Patria'—yes, a war-cry it is—'For God and our Country'—to be trained for the battles of civilization."

He gave an interesting historical account of the genesis of the flag, paid his respects with his well-known vigor and emphasis to our Populistic and anarchistic friends, urged his hearers to be politicians and to vote, and closed thus:

"Young gentlemen! Some of your predecessors in the halls of Trinity rendered gallant service in the great time. Have you ever wished that you had been men in the great days of the past? Well, the flag has not passed all its troubles. They may not come in battle; they may be more dangerous. Fight stupidities and demagogism and national dishonor. Our government is founded upon the belief that the majority of the great jury of twelve millions of voters have common-sense. Help make it so, and the flag shall in due time have its greatest success—the final triumph of peace, justice, equality of rights, freedom, and liberty under the law. All hail to the flag!"

Then "America" was sung from a fac-simile printed on the programmes from an original copy at the college, and after the blessing the great company dispersed.

And so ended a pageant concerning which Charles Dudley Warner writes,

"It was the most beautiful spectacle Hartford ever saw, and it is significant for the whole country as the first visible effort of a college to bind scholarship with patriotism."

J. J. McCook.

AMATEUR SPORT

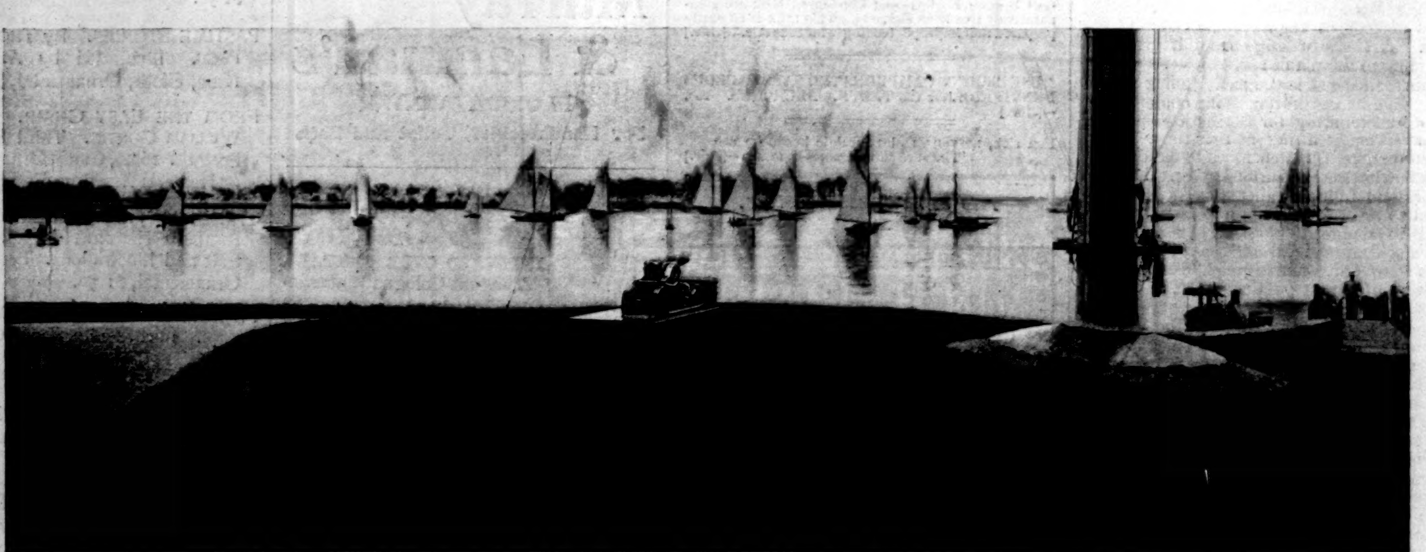
Although the result of the Oxford-Yale athletic meeting was not unexpected, the contest furnished much food for thought and some surprises that had been entirely unlooked-for. If there is any one branch of track athletics more than another in which we have flattered ourselves on being invulnerable, it certainly was sprinting, where our notable quickness in getting off the mark would count for much. Yet Sanford and Pond (Yale), with records of $10\frac{1}{5}$, were third and fourth in the 100 yards to Fry and Jordan (Oxford) in $10\frac{2}{5}$ sec., and only Fry had ever bettered that time previously. Again in the hurdles, Cady (Yale), with a 16-second record on cinders, was run down and off his stride so that he went to pieces and fell at the last hurdle, in $16\frac{3}{5}$ on turf by Oakley (Oxford), whose best previous performance had been $16\frac{2}{5}$. There is no doubt that the turf was heavy, but not so much so as to keep the Oxford man from going the distance in his top form. In the quarter-mile dash, the best race by all odds of the day, Sanford (Yale), with a $50\frac{2}{5}$ sec. record, was beaten out after a gallant struggle in 51 sec. by Jordan (Oxford), whose record is the same as Sanford's. In the half-mile, Woodhull (Yale), record $1.59\frac{1}{5}$ sec., was defeated in 2 m. $\frac{1}{5}$ sec. by Greenhow (Oxford), who had previously run a mile in 4 m. $24\frac{2}{5}$ sec., and had established no record for the half.

In other words, in the very department of athletics in which we have always considered ourselves strongest we turned out to be weakest, and instead of excelling where speed and agility are essentials we lost every event but two in which those attributes are requisite, and one of those was a tie. Out of nine men comprising the Yale team, two only, Hickok and Sheldon, saved it from an utter rout, and only four secured points.

Before going deeper into the subject let me hasten to say to those who might incorrectly interpret what is here written that there is no intention of criticising the Yale athletes, or making excuses for their defeat; they trained conscientiously, and made a hard struggle to win on the day of contest. Unquestionably the strange surroundings handicapped them to a certain extent, but in no case may the result of the meeting be set down to "hard luck," as in the only event where such an element might be thought to have figured, *i. e.*, the hurdles, reports say the Oxford man was a winner before Cady fell. In all contests where the teams are evenly matched, the home men invariably have whatever advantage familiar surroundings and climate are supposed to give, but these differences do not appear in this instance to have been sufficient to turn defeat into victory. Oxford won the day on its merits, and because every man turned up fit to stand the wear and tear and excitement of an important struggle, and did all that was expected of him.

In three events on the programme, the 100 and 880 yards and 120-yard hurdles, Yale did neither so well as had been expected, nor reached normal form; and I have plunged into all this detail to bring the case up to this point and to ask our universities whether there is not a good wholesome lesson to be learned from this Oxford-Yale meeting. Are we not training our college athletes too much? Have we not been carrying training too far in all branches of our college sport? I have already commented in my "Sporting Pilgrimage" on the great difference that exists between English and American university athletes in the matter of training. I have shown, to come to the point under discussion, how little of it is done in track athletics, especially as compared with the superlatively trained American university men. And yet these Oxford sprinters, with poorer records than the Yale athletes they met, were equal to beating them, and in one or two instances with something to spare.

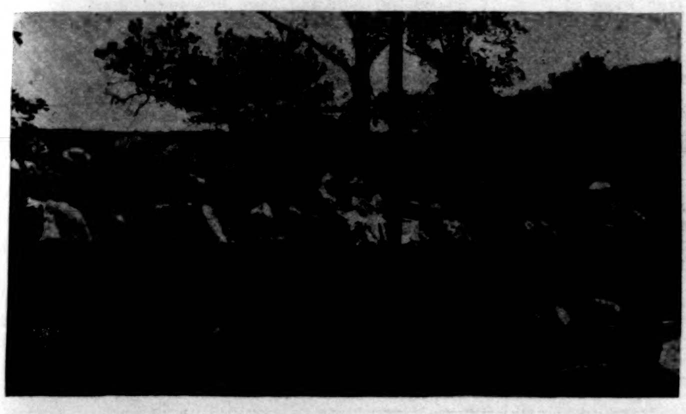
The Oxford team averaged neither older nor heavier than Yale. To what, then, may be ascribed the reversal of Yale's form, say in the 100 and 880 yard events? I do not think the heavy track nor the strange surroundings explain it. I have always been convinced that we do too much "training," and these Oxford-Yale games strengthen my conviction. Boys are put through a course of training that none but a seasoned athlete should be called upon to undergo. They are worked and trained up to the last hour, and as a result, when unusual circumstances arise, having no reserve fund, they go to pieces. Unless one has stood on the mark in an exciting, important contest, he cannot appreciate what it means to be so fine that one's nerves are on the ragged edge, and likely to topple at the first intimation of the unexpected. You need your nerves in a race, and you



LARCHMONT HARBOR, LOOKING FROM CLUB-HOUSE—START OF THE ANNUAL CRUISE.

TUXEDO CLUB HOUSE

want them in good working condition, otherwise when you get on the mark your muscles seem suddenly to have lost their power and elasticity, and unless you are an exceptional mortal you are rattled, and as a natural result fall far short of your form. I do not pretend to say that these Yale men were under-trained or over-trained; they were unquestionably prepared on the approved American university system, and made as good a showing as any others would have done



WATCHING A TENNIS GAME AT TUXEDO.

under the same conditions. The performances of these men are a mere incident, though they furnish the first opportunity of testing our way with that of the Old World university methods, and I take it as a text for reiterating what this department has preached at more or less length at different times on the questionable policy of giving our college athletes so much preparation. It has always seemed to me a matter deserving much more serious consideration than has been given it, and having been brought home now by the most practical of illustrations, may we not hope that it will receive the discussion it merits among American college authorities and alumni?

NOTHING RESULTS FROM FORCED DEVELOPMENT; healthful growth may be obtained by common-sense and natural methods. We make too much of a business of our sport. Let us invest it with a little more of the recreative feature. We will win just as many points, and give it more of a wholesome tendency. Entirely apart from an ethical point of view, we will place our teams afield much better fitted to win athletic honors for the *alma mater*. If any further illustration is needed to emphasize what I say on this subject of excessive training, let me recall the Yale-Princeton game which closed the football season of 1893. The Yale eleven had been trained in the same old way of driving the men early and late, late and early, until about all the life and ginger had been worked out of them. Princeton, on the other hand, had taken a step in advance of all the colleges, and trained its team on a more rational system, *i. e.*, of giving them hard, sharp work, but with intervals of lighter practice. As a result they faced Yale with quite as much endurance, and muscles just as hard, but with a dash in their movements that made Yale seem logy in comparison. Such a practical demonstration we have never had in rowing, simply because the Yale and Harvard eights are trained on the same system, and the perfection of the former's crew-work and the perpetuation of a winning stroke have kept the blue too far in advance of the crimson on the water to permit of a test. Something of a comparison, however, may be drawn between Yale and Cornell, although they have not met in recent years. Cornell crews do nowhere near the amount of training of either Harvard or Yale, yet their four-mile rowing in the last two years against Pennsylvania shows they have both speed and endurance to such a degree that only an actual race could determine the faster. Again, the few Western college crews, although their form is crude, all evince endurance at a good rate of speed, and on a great deal less training than any of the Eastern university eights.

I have digressed a long way from the athletic meeting on the Queen's grounds last Monday, but if I have in the slightest degree brought home to our universities the folly and unwholesomeness of excessive training, I shall not begrudge the space.

THE 100-YARD DASH, THE FIRST EVENT of the Oxford-Yale meeting, was thought even by the Englishmen to be a sure first for Yale, but Fry upset all calculations by getting off the mark from a standing start before Pond, who used the hands-on-ground position, and went away with such a burst of speed that he was never caught, finishing a yard ahead of his mate, Jordan. The hammer and shot were very easy wins for Hickok and Brown, who took first and second in each, and completely outclassed the Oxford men.

Despite the fact of its being run on turf, the 120-yard hurdle was also considered a Yale event, but although Cady got away first, Oakley was too strong for him, and when he got into his running, cut down the lead rapidly, having the race in hand when Cady fell at the last hurdle. The mile run had been conceded to Oxford, Greenhow's performance in the Oxford-Cambridge sports last March having stamped him a class above Morgan. Both Oxford men, Greenhow and Hildyard, led Yale from the start, Hildyard cutting out the pace for a third the distance, when Greenhow went to the front and won by over fifty yards, Morgan being third.

The quarter-mile was regarded an even thing, with the odds in favor of Oxford, and it turned out to be the best race of the day. Sanford made a game struggle, but Jordan was too strong for him on the finish, and won in the last twenty yards handily. The half-mile was a great surprise, Woodhull being thought a sure winner, but he seemed to go to pieces, and could get no better than third in slower time than he has shown this year. Probably the greatest surprise of the day, certainly for Oxford, was Fry's defeat in the broad jump by Sheldon; but the latter is one of those reliable men who can always be depended on to do his best and a little more; he invariably rises to the occasion, and this time his work saved two events that on paper belonged to Oxford. His 22 ft. 11 in. jump was a fine performance, though it must be remembered this is English measurement, and could have no bearing on the American inter-collegiate record, 22.11½, held by Victor Mapes, even had it excelled it. Tying the high jump with Swanwick was equally notable, for the Oxford man had done 5.11, while Sheldon's best is an inch lower.

From beginning to end the games were conducted in a sportsmanlike manner, and the meeting has unquestionably brought English and American universities closer together than they have ever been.

Now that we have finally brought off an international inter-university meeting, there seems to be no good reason why they should not be made an every-other-year feature. It will be wiser, however, and undoubtedly create a more widespread interest, to broaden the idea so as to include the full strength of Harvard and Yale against Oxford and Cambridge.

Whatever the future may provide, Americans are deeply grateful for the spirit that prompted Yale to send a team, and proud of the manly bearing of the individual athletes, who even in the hour of unexpected defeat bore themselves like sportsmen and Americans.

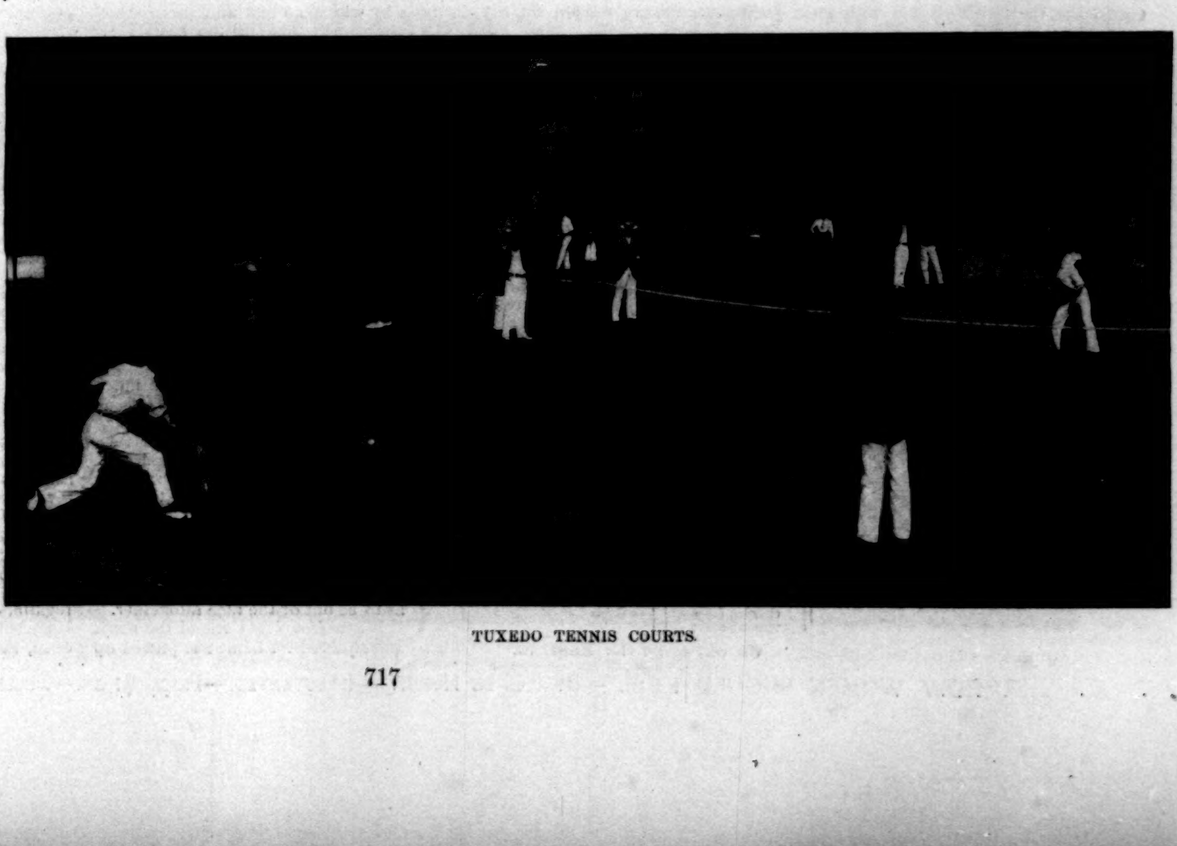
THE MIDDLE STATES Rowing Association includes the pick of Atlantic coast boat-clubs, and its regatta, therefore, more than any others, excepting the national championship event, reveals the present-day status of club rowing in the East. It may be said, first of all, that no association in America, organized in the interest of amateur sport, has labored under greater difficulties than the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, nor has any remained more steadfast in its aim to impart a wholesome prosperity in its particular field of action. It has been sorely embarrassed in its work by the complete withdrawal of college oarsmen from rowing once they have left their university, and this has narrowed the recruiting field to unskilled and frequently undesirable classes. We seem as a nation to be sadly lacking in the boating spirit which gives England a Henley, and keeps up the active interest of her university men long after they have been graduated. Even the athletic clubs only here and there maintain a crew, the New York A.C. and Boston A.A. being the only ones that come to mind at the moment, and a college oarsman is never seen on one of these, though each is near a rowing university. This state of affairs has left club rowing to a very different class from that which gives it such prosperity in England, and fortunately the guardianship of the sport has been in such wise hands as the officers of the National Association.

Improvement in class of entries and form of rowing has been slow, but the fact of there having been any improvement at all shows careful government. It is curious, with the many good courses we have in the East, that the interest of college oarsmen cannot be aroused, for there are several

AL FRESCO DINING-ROOM AT THE TUXEDO CLUB.

clubs at Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and in the vicinity of New York in which they would find good-fellowship and the making of excellent crews.

The annual regatta of the Middle States, July 14th, on the Passaic River, brought out a large number of entries and showed some very fair rowing, the best being done by the crews of the New York Athletic Club, the Crescents of Philadelphia, Riversides of Boston, Potomacs of Washington, and Tritons of Passaic.



TUXEDO TENNIS COURTS.

OXFORD-YALE TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETIC MEETING, JULY 16, 1894.

Event.	Oxford. Firsts.	Oxford. Seconds.	Oxford. Winner.	Yale. Firsts.	Yale. Seconds.	Yale. Winner.	Performance.	Performance at Oxford-Cambridge Games, March, '94.	Performance at Harvard-Yale Games, May, '94.	English University Record.	American University Record.
100-yard dash.......	1	1	C. D. Fry, G. Jordan.				10 2-5 sec.	10 3-5 sec.	‡10 2-5 sec.	10 sec.	10 sec.
440-yard run........	1		G. Jordan.		1	G. F. Sanford.	51 "	50 4-5 "	‡50 "	49 4-5 "	49 1-2 "
880-yard run........	1	1	W. H. Greenhow, F.W. Rathbone.				2 m. 4-5 "		1 m. 59 4-5 "	1 m. 54 2-5 "	1 m. 54 1-2 "
Mile run............	1	1	W. G. Greenhow, G. M. Hildyard.				4 " 24 2-5 "	†4 m. 19 4-5 "	4 " 31 2-5 "	4 " 19 4-5 "	4 " 26 4-5 "
120-yard hurdle.....	1	1	W. J. Oakley, T. S. Scott.				16 3-5 "	16 3-5 "	‡16 "	16 "	15 4-5 "
Running high jump.	1-2		E. D. Swanwick.	1-2	1	L. P. Sheldon, E. H. Cady.	5 ft. 8 3-4 in.	5 ft. 10 1-4 in.	‡5 ft. 9 1-2 in.	6 ft. 2 1-2 in.	6 ft. 4 in.
Running broad jump		1	W. J. Oakley.	1		L. P. Sheldon.	22 " 11 "	22 " 4 "	21 " 9 1-2 "	*23 " 6 1-2 "	23 " 6 1-2 "
16-lb. shot..........				1	1	W.O. Hickok, A. J. Brown.	41 " 4 1-4 "	†37 " 6 "	40 " 1 1-2 "	39 " 1 " (10-foot run).	42 " (7-foot run).
16-lb. hammer......				1	1	W.O. Hickok, A. J. Brown.	110 " 5 "	101 " 4 1-2 "	113 " 11 "	138 ft. 3 in. (30-foot run).	123 ft. 9 in. (7-foot run).
	5 1-2	5		3 1-2	4						

* English Measurement. † Won by Cambridge. ‡ Won by Harvard.

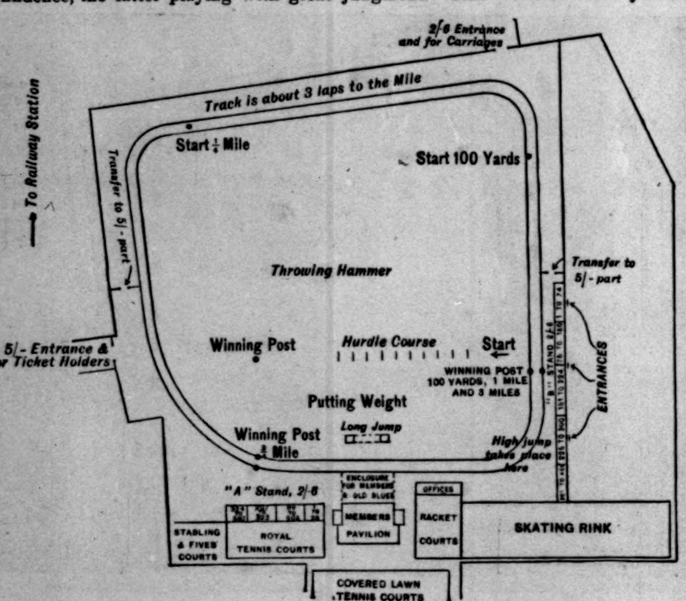
The Essex County Club tournament, held on its courts at Manchester-by-the-Sea (Massachusetts) last week, revealed little that may be said to have any bearing on the final classification of the players. It did show unmistakably, however, that Budlong is an improving player, against whom no one of the leaders may count himself safe without playing his best tennis. Budlong's form is somewhat after the Knapp-Stevens school, with the dogged perseverance of both, and strokes better than either; indeed, some of his strokes, particularly his backhand return from the base-line, are not excelled by any player of to-day, while he has a swinging underhand drive that has both pace and accuracy. He has improved very much over last year, and is especially good on dirt courts, but it would be rather surprising if he proved an upsetting element at Newport. His is a game that, while always formidable, lacks the brilliancy that must be an additional feature of the play of whoso reaches the last rounds of the National championships. The Essex tournament, with one or two exceptions, showed no very exciting tennis, and in that respect fell below the standard set last year, when the courts at Nahant were used. The entries included Hovey, Chace, Budlong, Foote, Millett, Hinckley, Howland, and Shaw, and it was a foregone conclusion before play began that the first three would win the majority of their matches from the other five. Some close play was looked for in the Millett-Foote-Howland matches, but no one of the three played up to his best form. Foote, particularly, was much below his standard, and clearly not in condition. His match with Budlong was expected to be close, but the former won handily in two straight sets—7-5, 6-2, and later Millett also defeated him—9-7, 6-2. Howland likewise was not in form, and played at considerable disadvantage throughout the week, though he showed moments of good tennis in all his matches, particularly against Hovey. It was pleasing to see Q. A. Shaw on the courts again, even though his play was far below what it used to be; it is to be regretted the interest of the old players cannot be sustained sufficiently to keep them in the game. There are nearly a dozen of them who could easily find the time for tournament play, if only the inclination were not wanting, and nothing else would give tennis the impetus it so sorely wants.

The Hovey-Chace match furnished the first enthusiasm and surprise of the week. Not that Chace should be beaten, for he looked too fine to be in his best form, and his play did not belie his appearance; but his defeat of Hobart at Tuxedo had argued for a close game with Hovey, and the on-lookers were not prepared to see him defeated in two straight sets—6-3, 6-2. Hovey played a strong game, but not of the familiar brilliant sort, and appeared ill at ease on the dirt courts.

The first Hovey-Budlong match provided the greatest surprise of the tournament, and attained the distinction of being the only exciting one. Having defeated Chace, Hovey was generally conceded a winner, but like many another sure thing, the result was contrary to expectation. Hovey's play in the first set showed he shared the popular belief, and before he realized it Budlong had won—6-2; in the second he braced up, and captured it with the same score; but in the third, Budlong played such tennis as he had never shown, completely outplacing Hovey, 18 balls to 11. Several times Hovey needed but a single point to win the match, but Budlong's steadiness and Hovey's erratic drives saved the day (6-2, 2-6, 7-5) for the Providence player. Good as Budlong played, it was apparent that Hovey was not up to his best form, the fine loose gravel on the courts making his usual net game wellnigh impossible.

After this showing by Budlong, much was expected from him in his match with Chace, but the latter knows his game too well, and the result was a very tame contest (6-2, 6-0), in which Budlong seemed to lose courage as Chace gained confidence, the latter playing with great judgment. This left Hovey, Chace, and Budlong tied for first prize, with six victories and one defeat each, and on drawing to decide which two should play it, Hovey and Budlong came together again in a match quite different from their first earlier in the week, Hovey playing a better and Budlong a poorer game, the former winning easily in two straight sets.

The meeting of Hovey, Hobart, Larned, and Wrenn, at Longwood, this week, should give us an inkling of what they may be expected to do at Newport. Wrenn has been greatly handicapped by a spiked foot, and will hardly do himself justice. Hobart has been resting, and it remains to be seen to what purpose. Larned has played in good form the few times he has gone upon the courts. Additional interest will be given the meeting if Goodbody plays.



QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS—SCENE OF OXFORD-YALE MEETING.

The twenty-one-footers appear to be having quite as much luck in their races as *Vigilant* and *Britannia*. At all events, it seems impossible to have one day's sailing that will decide which of the little fleet is the fastest. When the weather holds steady and true, some of them break down, and when they do not break down, the weather is unfair and fluky. Saturday the class met again in a special race under the auspices of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, for a "$100 cup or a purse of equal value," offered by Vice-Commodore William Osborn.

Before commenting on the race itself I wish to criticise the offering of a "purse." There appears to be a growing tendency to replace cups by cash, leaving the choice with the winner, that sportsmen must view with apprehension. The argument made in favor of such a plan is that the cost of racing is considerable, and the men who own and race boats are above the suspicion of mug-hunting. While it is undoubtedly true that it takes a goodish bit of money to race through a season, and that the men who own yachts are, as a rule, actuated by the love of sport rather than a desire to earn dollars, yet offering purses is a distinct departure from the true amateur spirit. A similar fallacy is exploited in pigeon-shooting, where gentlemen who would indignantly resent being called professionals make matches for cash prizes. The definition of an amateur admits of no class juggling. It does not seek intentions; it judges upon actions. An amateur is one who receives no pecuniary gain from his skill, whether he race a yacht, run a foot-race, shoot pigeons, play golf or polo, or row a boat. It's ridiculous to assume that different sports can maintain different constructions of the definition. A man violates the amateur spirit by sailing a boat for a cash prize quite as much as if he had ridden a bicycle for a purse. The only difference to-day is that he would be in better company in the yacht-race. But what assurance have we of the morrow? If clubs and individuals make a practice of offering cash, we may be certain that the tone of the class that races now will be lowered by the entrance of others who are not above mug-hunting.

The further statement that racing yachts costs money and these purses help bear the expenses reminds me of a similar argument advanced in England for the benefit of certain classes of semi-professional football-players, who claim they should be paid by the Football Association for the time they lose from their business. Amateurs are not supposed to profit by sport, or to secure any return for their expenditure of time and money other than the pleasure and recreation it gives them. If this is not sufficient recompense they are not sportsmen, and should seek the more congenial paths of professionalism. If men cannot afford either time or money to race yachts, or play polo, golf, shoot pigeons (which, as a matter of fact, does not deserve the classification it receives), or engage in any branch of sport, he should stay out of it. I dare say this impresses many readers as a great deal to say about so small a matter as a $100 purse offered for a yacht-race, in which no one imagines for an instant any one of the entries is prompted by greed. But it is the principle of the thing, which is by no means insignificant, that interests us. No yacht club or individual member should offer such an alternative as a cup or its equivalent in cash, and no yachtsman can accept the latter and remain an amateur sportsman.

Five of the twenty-one-footers started in the race July 21st—*Vaquero*, *Houri*, *Maysie*, *Hoodoo*, and *Celia*—and three of them finished. It was an unsatisfactory contest, for, although none of the boats broke down, as had been the case in about every previous contest, the weather was so fluky that the result must be considered inconclusive. *Vaquero* went over the line first, apparently carrying along a streak of air that none of the others could find, and reached the mark within 25 seconds of a half-hour before *Houri*, the next nearest. What with the strong ebb tide and fluky wind, the others seemed to be lost altogether. *Celia* was 55 minutes behind at the mark, while *Hoodoo* and *Maysie* were so far away as to be out of the race altogether.

When *Houri* got round the mark and squared for home she picked up a freshening breeze, and drew rapidly on *Vaquero*, finally taking the lead. She was doing better work at this point than *Vaquero*, and looked a sure winner, when the wind hauled, and she was headed off just as victory seemed within her reach. *Vaquero* here got a favoring slant of wind, which, while her rival lay beating idly in a futile endeavor to reach the line, carried her across, a winner by 1 minute and 38 seconds. *Celia*, which had brought with her what little there was of the breeze, drew up on *Houri*, finishing 40 seconds after Mr. Duncan's clever little craft.

Although the race was unsatisfactory to a degree, comparing the work of the boats, *Vaquero's* performance in reaching the first mark must be regarded as greatly superior to that of any of the others. She was very cleverly handled at the start, and seemed to make her way the best of the lot against the ebb-tide. Looking back on the regattas in which she has raced, it does look a bit as if she is the smartest one of the class, though that is a hazardous statement, for we must yet see several races, under fair conditions for all, between *Vaquero*, *Minnetonka*, *Houri*, and *Maysie* before judgment can be passed. *Minnetonka* has gone like a race-horse on the wind, and *Maysie*, on her first appearance, showed a great turn of speed until an accident put her out. Between *Vaquero* and *Houri* the difference would seem to be in favor of the former.

In the fifty-mile race off Kingston, Ireland, over the quadrilateral course of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, on the 20th and 21st, luck once again proved the deciding element, though this time *Vigilant* came in for a share on the second of the two days.

There was hardly enough wind stirring to get the yachts across the starting-line on the 20th, but *Britannia* managed to drift over first by 40 seconds, which proved a considerable advantage, and one she maintained throughout the race. Amateur skippers only were permitted at the helm, and Mr. Jameson rather outdid designer Herreshoff, who handled *Vigilant*. It was a curious race, if it may be so dignified, in which there was not a bit of windward work throughout the entire fifty miles. The wind changed from light and fluky to flat calm, interspersed by thunder-showers, which did not enliven matters, nor tend to pipe up a sailing-breeze. A bit of wind did spring up on the third round, when *Britannia* was ahead by 4 min. 15 sec., and *Vigilant* responded by cutting down the royal boat's lead, so that in the final drift home *Britannia* won on actual time by 2 min. 37 sec. It was probably the most uninteresting of the many stupid contests the two have had.

The second and last day's racing over this course was far more inspiriting, though filled with baffling winds and flat calms that made the result quite as much of a fluke as in several of the others. Although *Vigilant* won, it was largely because she secured such a long lead in one or two stretches of brisk wind that put her beyond the fatal grasp of subsequent calms. Then, too, she was blessed by the luck that has been following *Britannia*. Several times when the softening wind had left *Vigilant* riding the smooth sea listlessly, and *Britannia* carrying along a streak of air had crept upon her, a new breeze seized upon the American champion and bore her beyond *Britannia's* reach. On one of these bursts *Vigilant* left the English boat nearly nine minutes behind, gaining seven and a quarter minutes on one run of about five miles. It is such exhibitions as these that have convinced all unprejudiced yachtsmen of the unquestionably greater speed of *Vigilant* in any kind of a stiffish breeze.

Mr. Jameson again on the second day out-manœuvred Mr. Herreshoff, and took *Britannia* across the line a quarter of a minute in advance of her rival. Although the air was light, it seemed, strange enough, just to *Vigilant's* liking, and every one was treated to a genuine surprise when she slipped past *Britannia*, and rounded the first mark a minute and four seconds before her. She added another half-minute to her lead on the next leg, but lost as much on the succeeding five-mile beat. With fresh wind and some luck *Vigilant* had increased the gap between them until, on the completion of the first round, she led by 4 minutes 20 seconds.

On the two following legs *Britannia* got the better of the weather, and gradually cut down the lead until they both ran into a calm that set the canvas flapping, when the Prince of Wales's yacht succeeded in just poking her bow in front of *Vigilant*. Here was where the latter got a bit of luck, for a stiff breeze sprung up, which soon enabled her to regain the lead and to fetch the home boat first on the second round by one minute and a quarter. After gaining about nine minutes in a run before a lively breeze, *Vigilant* next lost six minutes and a half in a five-mile-and-a-half stretch of light windward work. She still led, however, by about 2¼ minutes, and gaining some seconds over a minute on a close-hauled reach for home, she succeeded in crossing the finishing-line 3 minutes and 39 seconds before *Britannia*; deducting 1 minute 10 seconds time allowance, still left her 2 minutes 29 seconds corrected time to the good, and a winner for the first time where both have finished.

(The following page of this department went to press before the agreement to race over the St. George's course had been made known, hence the inverted condition of the yachting paragraphs.)

Two other "Vigilant"-"Britannia" races had been previously sailed, and in one of them—July 17th—the American was favored by weather that permitted her to at last reveal her true form. The course was that of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club—the identical one over which last year *Britannia* beat *Valkyrie* by nearly twelve minutes—fifty miles long and twelve turns. What a handicap so many turns would mean to a boat slow in stays may easily be imagined. *Vigilant* made her appearance on the first day of the regatta, July 16th, in reduced sail area. Her topmast had been cut off four and one-half feet and her bowsprit shortened, though the cable has not yet announced how much

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—By "C. de Hurst."—Illustrated.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

of the allowance she formerly gave *Britannia* will be saved by the altered rig.

The 16th began with the proper kind of yacht-racing weather, and *Vigilant*, although crossing the line a few seconds after *Britannia*, secured the weather position, and began at once to draw up on the English boat. The breeze developed into the good piping sort, and in a bit of a nasty sea, that called for the best racing qualities of both, *Vigilant* passed *Britannia*, and continued to gain until she had left the Prince of Wales's boat three minutes in the rear. Then, as usual, the wind softened and died away completely, leaving *Vigilant* almost in the doldrums, while *Britannia* drifted into a streak of air that took her up to and past the becalmed American. Again the wind freshened, and *Vigilant* sped home at a lively clip, that cut down by half the lead *Britannia* had gained while her rival lay with unfilled sails. In elapsed time *Britannia* won by 1 minute and 33 seconds.

IT WAS IN THE SECOND DAY'S RACING, however, on the 17th, that the American boat showed the on-lookers the speed of which they had heard so much and seen so little. A strong westerly wind sent the yachts across the line together, with *Britannia* to windward, but instantly *Vigilant* began eating her way out on to the weather-quarter of the English boat, and rounded the first mark one and a quarter minutes to the good. With the wind aft for the next leg, and a beat for the second, *Vigilant* continued to increase her lead, until at the home mark of the first round she was leading by 2 minutes and 46 seconds. The next leg called for a good bit of short tacking alongshore, and here *Britannia's* remarkable quickness in stays permitted her to cut down the lead about fifty seconds. From the next mark it was a piping breeze for a five-mile run, and *Vigilant* fairly flew through the water, leaving the Britisher rapidly, until when they passed the home boat for the last round the American was leading by six minutes and going like a race-horse. It was at this point that *Britannia* carried away her bobstay and was out of the race. *Vigilant* kept on her way, housing her topmast, and finishing the 50 miles course with its 12 turns and 14 miles of windward work in 4 hours 49 minutes and 28 seconds, at an average of a little over 10 knots an hour. This gives an indication of the yacht's speed, which would undoubtedly have been increased had she been pressed on the run home.

THIS DAY'S SAILING PROVES beyond a doubt that our confidence in *Vigilant's* superiority has not been misplaced. In fair sailing weather there is no question she can beat the *Britannia* in the neighborhood of ten minutes over a fifty-mile course with from six to a dozen turns. Over a fifty-mile course in open water with one or two turns she would probably make it fifteen minutes. When she has had the smallest opportunity in her *Britannia* races she has so clearly demonstrated herself the faster as to call forth such acknowledgment from the Englishmen. Furthermore, the race on the 17th proved the choppy British sea to have no terrors for *Vigilant;* hitherto it has been asserted by yachtsmen on the other side, and believed by many over here, that in the choppy seas peculiar to British courses the American sloop would not live with the English cutter; but on Tuesday, on one of the legs, the sea was both choppy and on the beam, and *Vigilant* gained one minute and ten seconds in a four-mile run through it. *Vigilant's* performance must have unsettled yachting sages of the old country, for it has always been a British tradition that a cutter could beat a sloop in heavy weather every day in the week.

Take it all in all, there is no reason for despair over *Vigilant's* defeats, and every reason for confidence in her future performances under fair conditions.

LITTLE *Dakotah* (which is a fin keel, 36 ft. l.w.l., 50 ft. over all, 9 ft. 6 in. beam, 4 ft. 4 in. hull) continues to win on the Clyde with a consistency of form which must convince British yachtsmen that American designers know a thing or two about small craft as well as 85-foot single-stickers.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE "VIGILANT"–"BRITANNIA" RACE, JULY FIFTH.

FROM A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

....IN the mean time the *Britannia* and *Vigilant* had got away close-hauled on pretty even terms without knowing anything of the disaster (*Valkyrie-Satanita*), both with jib-headers aloft, and at the start the *Vigilant* a little to leeward, but edging up, and laying quite half a point closer to the wind than her antagonist. The course gave a beat, a short reach, a long run back, with a short reach home, and twice round made a distance of fifty miles. In the beat out the *Vigilant* soon asserted herself, and though not so stiff or able to stand up to her canvas as the *Britannia*, after going about, gave her a weather bower every time they tacked. The *Vigilant* was two minutes ahead at Ascog, which was the furthest point to the westward to be negotiated. On gybing round the Ascog mark, the *Vigilant* set her two spinnakers after her own fashion—that is, one square off, and brought forward over the fore-stay, the other at the bowsprit end—every stitch drawing. The *Britannia* had her one spinnaker and a jib-topsail up, the latter doing no good whatever. Both, too, shifted their topsails to jack-yarders. The consequence was that before coming up to the Cloch light-house, and about two-thirds of the way to the easternmost mark, the *Vigilant* was quite four minutes ahead, but this advantage was reduced by what some might call bad pilotage, and the first round was finished by the *Vigilant* two minutes ahead of the *Britannia*. Again, in the beat to windward, the *Vigilant* showed her power and wonderful turn of speed, though she did not appear to get away as quick when going about as the British yacht.

Her vast superiority in running was very manifest, and, unfortunately for her, while passing the Cloch she was taken once more too close in to the southern shore instead of being kept in mid-channel, and accordingly the *Britannia* brought up what wind there was, while the *Vigilant*, as is only too often the case with yachts hugging the Cloch shore, was left almost in a dead calm. After this one of the prettiest pieces of jockeyship was exhibited by the *Britannia*, which, nearing the north shore, gybed from the port to starboard tack and took a pull all round on the sheets, which, while the *Vigilant* came slowly and steadily for the last mark with her head-sails doing her no good, allowed her to come ramping up with everything drawing and cut her out, so obtaining the lead which brought her in some thirty seconds before the *Vigilant*.

On comparing the two yachts under to-day's conditions, the *Vigilant*, though she did not win, showed herself the faster boat, and had she not been taken each time close up to the Cloch shore, would most certainly have saved her time. As it was, the *Britannia's* win must be considered, good as it was, more or less the effect of a fluke. In running before the wind the *Vigilant* was in every way far superior to the *Britannia*. In reaching, to-day's performance exhibited very little difference in the speed of the two yachts, and in beating to windward the *Vigilant* again must be held to more than hold her own. The weather during the whole day was unpleasant, to say the least of it, but the wind in the main was a true one, varying from 3 to 5 in force, with the exception of the times when passing the Cloch. There was no sea on to take any notice of, and altogether the conditions were most favorable for a trial of speed. We have yet, however, to see these two fine vessels racing under other and more varied circumstances before finally giving an all-round opinion on their respective merits.

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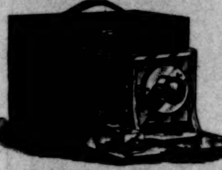

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